

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN

DECEMBER 1954

20 CENTS

Chatelaine



"I'm Over Forty . . . and I Hate It" SAYS PHYLLIS LEE PETERSON



"Rice Krispies" is a trademark of the Kellogg Co. of Canada, Ltd., for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

Folks never seem to agree whether a picture like this is worth 1,000 words, or 10,000. We're not sure either--but as long as three of the words are "Snap! Crackle! Pop!" we won't quibble. Of course these words are part of every Kellogg's Rice Krispies picture because they're what the world's only talking cereal says to tell you how crisp it is. When you hear 'em, you can figure on some wonderful eating. So as Confucius didn't say: "Why put off for two morrows, what you can enjoy tomorrow?"



"snap!"



"crackle!"



"pop!"



Behind the face of Christmas, children discover the heart

OUR bright twentieth-century gods—Science and Progress—begin to tarnish. We gaze upon them, still worshipfully, but with a mote of doubt in our eyes. Can we really build our civilization upon their altars? They leave so many questions unanswered. Science for what? Progress to where?

It's not surprising, then, that many of us are searching our hearts and minds for an answer that can't be set down in a mathematical formula. It's not surprising that ministers are finding new faces in their congregations, a new interest in the meaning of religion, a renewed faith rising.

It's not surprising that this faith should be strong at Christmas time. Many people have a feeling that commercialism has almost obscured the true meaning of Christmas, but we had an experience last year which was by way of a revelation to us. We ran in Chatelaine a play which told the story of The First Christmas.

Letters streamed in from every part of the country telling us that the writers had long been looking for something to replace the "variety concert" type of Christmas program. Ministers' wives wrote of the care their women's groups had taken with the costumes, how they skimped on Christmas baking to spare time for the staging, how the children enjoyed it. It played to full houses in churches from Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, to New Westminster, British Columbia.

Chatelaine's Nativity play was staged in a

one-room schoolhouse in the new mining town of Opemisca, Que., where everyone—French, English, Protestant and Catholic—found it was "something acceptable to us all." It was produced in the lovely, hundred-year-old All Saints Church in Niagara Falls where the lighting was improvised by using bed lamps, hand-operated, on the front pews.

Six groups worked together at Peterborough's George Street United Church and made a special effort to include new Canadians. One Dutch mother, a widow in poor circumstances, insisted on contributing a beautiful costume because "it meant so much to my daughter and to us for Rennie to have a part, that this is my gift to the church." She felt something of what other new Canadians experienced in their first Canadian Christmas, as Nadine Hradsky tells in her moving true story on page 13 of this issue.

The gentle spirit of the play spread to actors and audience alike. A father whose daughter was in the play came to church for the first time in many years just to see her in it and found the church held something for him that he had forgotten. A boy whose eyes were poor was given the part of leading the shepherds and his slow, faltering steps created the perfect rhythm for the procession and gave him the perfect gift—the rare chance to be a leader.

All Saints Cathedral in Halifax teamed up children from the School for the Blind with

sighted children to help them up and down the steps. These handicapped children, many of whom came from places too far away to go home for Christmas, are clamoring for a repeat performance this year.

This encouraging history of The First Christmas traces only one example of many similar pageants, all lovingly staged, all requiring that extra effort and extra work that is so hard to find time and energy for in a busy season. We know of more than twenty, for example, produced in the city of Toronto alone.

Catherine Fraser, a frequent contributor to Chatelaine, originally wrote The First Christmas for her own Christ Church, Deer Park, in Toronto, three years ago. It has now become a tradition there and the scene on our cover was photographed there last December. (Incidentally, Chatelaine having run out of back copies containing The First Christmas, the Nativity play has now been reprinted by the Anglican Book Centre, 600 Jarvis St., Toronto 5, Ont. Copies are twenty-five cents each.)

Personally, we've taken hope from this demonstration of the real Christmas spirit. Christmas will no doubt continue to be marketed, and people will continue to deplore the overcommercialization of it. But this is just the face of Christmas. The heart of Christmas is today as it always was—the worship of the Christ child. This heart still beats strongly. +

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WHEN A **COLD** OR **SORE THROAT** THREATENS
IT'S **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—**
QUICK!
...FOR EVERYBODY



Among the "Secondary Invaders" Are Germs of the Pneumonia and "Strep" Types.

These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.



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WHATEVER ELSE YOU DO, gargle Listerine Antiseptic at the first hint of a sneeze, sniffle, cough or scratchy throat due to a cold.

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Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including those called "secondary invaders." (See panel above.) These are the very bacteria that often are responsible for so much of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the body through throat tissues.

Listerine Antiseptic is so efficient because, used early and often, it

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Remember, tests made over a 12-year period in great industrial plants disclosed this record: That twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic users had fewer colds, generally milder colds, and fewer sore throats than non-users.

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At the first sign of a cold or sore throat—
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—QUICK!



Vol. 27 No. 12

Children of Christ Church, Deer Park, Toronto, enact a scene from the nativity play, *The First Christmas*, printed in *Chatelaine* in November 1953. Photo by Paul Rockett.

Chatelaine

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN

DECEMBER 1954

FICTION

- 16 The Boy Who Understood Christmas . . . Roberta Engle Peters
- 20 Christmas At Home . . . Margaret and Leslie Gordon Barnard

GENERAL ARTICLES

- 13 "Our First Canadian Christmas" . . . Dr. Nadine Hradsky
- 18 I'm Over Forty and I Hate It . . . Phyllis Lee Peterson
- 22 The TV Hostess With the Mostes . . . June Callwood
- 24 The Woods Family: Look At Them Now . . . Sidney Margolius

REGULAR FEATURES

- 1 Chatelaine Centre

FASHION & BEAUTY

- 8 Memo From Rosemary
- 26 Joan Shops for the Holiday Parties . . . Rosemary Boxer
- 44 Make It From A Pattern

HOUSEKEEPING

- 28 All This and Turkey Too . . . Chatelaine Institute
- 31 Christmas Breakfast In A Boot
- 32 How To Truss a Turkey
- 34 How To Make Giblet Gravy
- 39 Meals of the Month
- 60 Plan Your Housekeeping . . . Marie Holmes

HOME PLANNING

- 64 Look What's Happening To Living: Be Gadget-Happy This Christmas . . . Margaret Newcombe

FOR YOU TO MAKE

- 4 Hang Up Your Gifts In These
- 6 Last-Minute Gifts
- 47 Campus Socks
- 51 Christmas Sparkle

YOUNG PARENTS

- 68 If Your Child Goes to Hospital . . . Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

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EXCLUSIVE

In January Chatelaine
FOR CHATELAINE'S YOUNG PARENTS

First of five installments from

KATE AITKEN'S NEW BABY BOOK

It's Fun Raising a Family!

Here is Kate Aitken's practical guide to bringing up your baby—from the moment you discover he's on his way until he starts school. From her years of work with Canadian women, with expert medical advice, and as a grandmother herself, Kate Aitken answers your questions on prenatal care, childbirth and natural childbirth, breast feeding, baby's first year, from two to five years . . . and many others. Included are special discussions on the handicapped child, contagious diseases and accidents, what to do when your child is sick at home. Plus: diet lists for mother and child; your maternity wardrobe; baby's layette; what to buy for his room, bath, feeding.

Also starting next month

YOU WERE ASKING CHATELAINE

a new feature on this page

Here you'll find, along with your letters of comment, the questions you ask us on fashion and beauty problems, housekeeping and homemaking, answered for you and other interested readers by our editors.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE—By Paul Rockett (page 1, 60, 61), John Sebert—Rockett Studios (4, 6), Ed Hausman (22), Ken Bell (23), Alex Gray (23), W. B. Jackson (24), Peter Croydon (28, 29).



They're 70 now... and still healthy, happy and active!

IF YOU doubt that it's good to be alive at 70, 80 . . . or even 90 . . . look about you. You will find many of our senior citizens at these ages "spry as larks" . . . living long and liking it!

Liking it? Yes, indeed! For much is being learned about how to make life's later years happy, active and rewarding. *Geriatrics* . . . the science of helping older people enjoy longer life . . . has contributed much to our brighter outlook on growing older. As research in this specialty continues, perhaps even greater gains in life conservation may be made.

In addition to the striking advances made in geriatrics and other health and medical sciences, the rapid rise in our standard of living has been an important factor in making life longer and more healthful. The effect of all these advances is highlighted by these facts:

The average life span for Canadians is now 69 years.

There are now more than one million Canadians who are 65 and older, and by 1960 it is estimated that they will number 1,300,000.

Specialists agree that when a man reaches his 65th or 70th birthday, his "age" depends not so much on the calendar as on his earlier health habits . . . especially dur-

ing mid-life when so many of the chronic or degenerative diseases begin to develop. To help forestall such disorders, or lessen their effects if they should occur, authorities make this recommendation:

Go to your doctor for regular health examinations. He may be able to detect conditions of which you are unaware. Through prompt diagnosis and treatment, he may spare you serious illness later on and perhaps add years to your life.

In addition to regular medical check-ups, a healthy old age may depend on the living habits that you follow after 40. It is important, for instance, to control your weight through proper diet. It is also wise to slow down, to get your required sleep regularly, to take the type and amount of exercise that is best suited to your physical abilities and to follow a hobby that will help keep your mind sharp and alert.

There is no "magic formula" for a long and healthy life. However, experts agree that the person who prepares *early* has the best chance of getting more . . . rather than less . . . out of the years beyond 65.

Metropolitan has published a booklet to help you live long and like it. The title is "Your Future and You." Just fill out and mail the coupon below for your free copy.

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Please mail me a copy of your booklet, 124-L, "Your Future and You."

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Proved: A positive way to stop "Detergent Hands"

*Research laboratory proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.**



Recently, 447 women soaked both their hands in detergents three times a day. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was applied to their right hands. Left hands were untreated.



In 3 or 4 days, left hands were roughened and reddened. Hands treated with Jergens Lotion were soft and smooth. No other lotion tested gave these wonderful results!



Steadily improved for 50 years, Jergens stops cold weather chapping as easily as it stops detergent hands. Never sticky or greasy, it has a luxurious feeling.



Ask for Jergens today. Notice how much thicker and creamier it is — with a lovely, new fragrance. True, it's the world's favorite hand care, but you still pay only 15¢ to \$1.15! Made in Canada

Jergens Lotion positively stops "Detergent Hands"

**From the report of a leading U. S. research laboratory*

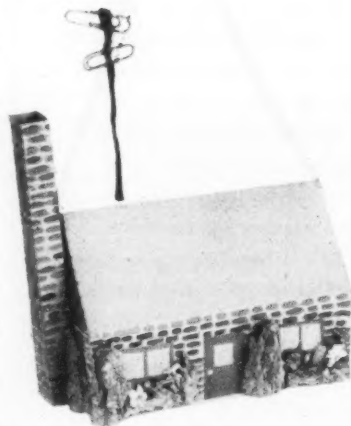
Hang Up Your Gifts in These

Smaller gifts will go on your tree, not under it, in these gay ornament-holders you can make to hang from the boughs

Handkerchief angel is based on a conical paper drinking cup. Sew a ruffle around the rim and pin your decorated cork head to the point. Fold the hanky corner to corner and insert a long pipe cleaner in the fold. Then fold again so the point comes up one inch over first fold. Fold reinforced edges back at right angles, turn the point side out and down for skirt and fasten top fold around neck and cork head. Bend the corners out gently to form wings.



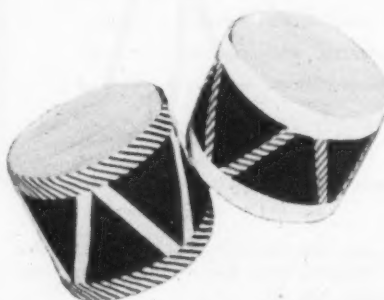
A little house is made of kitchen-sized matchbox. Make a cardboard roof, fill in gables and cover all but one side with paper. Paint to resemble house of your choice—brick, siding or stone. Plant sponge shrubs and artificial flowers with glue under the windows. The TV antenna is made of pipe cleaner and paper clips. Make a chimney handle on slide-out side for extra opening case.

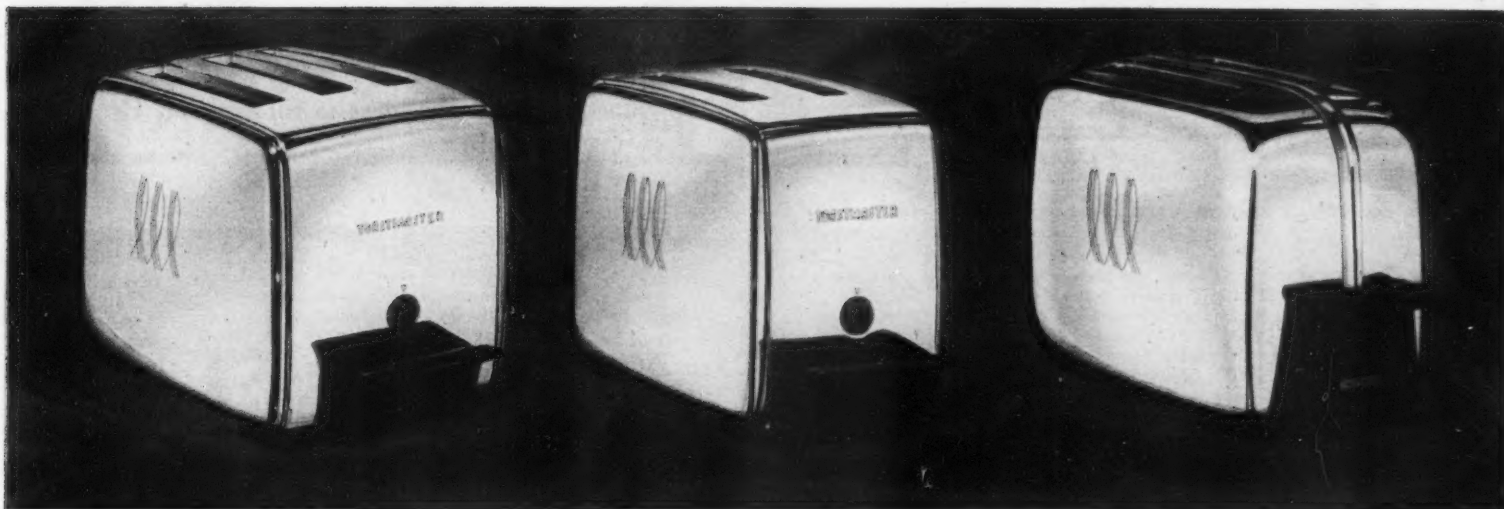


Cornucopia is cut from pie-shaped quarter-of-a-circle. Use either paper or cloth and size it to fit your gift. Cut your lining and stiffening to match—buckram for cloth, cardboard for paper. Paste or stitch together all layers and fasten at the two straight edges. Run ruffle around the top edge and tip with Christmas bell or ball.



Drum holders come from salt or powder boxes or other round containers. Cover with solid colored paper or cloth, use braid for drumhead tighteners and bottom edge trim. Tuck your gift inside and paste plain white paper cover on top. This should be a quarter inch larger than top and slashed at quarter-inch intervals to allow for spread. Cover paste job with braid and finish with strap holder.






Super De Luxe, 3-Slice, \$47.95. Sure cure for the big-family breakfast "bottleneck." Welcomed with open arms wherever there are more outstretched hands than toast to fill them. Features "Toastmaster's" exclusive Power-Action. Toasts three slices—perfect every time—light, dark, or in-between. Ideal for the king-size family or for those who appreciate the new and unusual.

Super De Luxe, \$36.95. World's most distinctly different toaster. Power-Action automatically lowers bread, starts it toasting, serves it up fast, extra high... all by itself! Toast-control dial is easy to set for perfect toast every time—light, dark, or in-between. Built to give the faithful service that has resulted in more people owning "Toastmaster"® Toasters than any other kind.

De Luxe, \$28.95. This model has many millions of satisfied users. Although moderately priced, it is a gift of which you can well be proud. Fully automatic; makes perfect toast every time—light, dark, or in-between. Toast pops up extra high, so small slices are easily removed. Push-button crumb tray opens instantly for cleaning. Large, cool-to-the-touch handles make this toaster safe to carry.

WHOMEVER YOU WANT TO PLEASE... WHATEVER YOU WANT TO SPEND...

One of these  Toastmaster gifts is your perfect Christmas choice!



Super De Luxe Toast 'n Jam Set, \$46.95. Here's quick-snack magic when youngsters swarm home from school. Equally fitting at brunch, bridge, or TV-time. Toaster features "Toastmaster's" exclusive Power-Action. Handsome limed-walnut serving tray is inlaid with gold-figured, blue simulated leather. Two colorful Melmac jam jars and toast plate contrast smartly with the modern-black metal holder.



De Luxe Toast 'n Jam Set, \$37.95. Has all the snack-time usefulness of the Super De Luxe "Toast 'n Jam"® Set. Features the "Toastmaster" De Luxe Automatic Toaster, known everywhere for its reliability. Rich walnut tray is inlaid with brown simulated leather. Gay Melmac toast plate, jam jars, and smart black metal holder have dozens of added uses.



PRODUCTS OF



McGraw Electric Company (Canada) Ltd.
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The warmest gift you can give!

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BUY-LINES by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING COLUMN
FOR CANADIAN WOMEN

THAT IMPORTANT MAN IN YOUR LIFE deserves the best . . . so I'd like to suggest the perfect Christmas gift. It's a REMINGTON 60 Deluxe Electric Shaver . . . the only way I know to solve his shaving problems and bring him pleasure for years and years and years! He'll enjoy the *fastest, smoothest* shave he's ever had . . . with never a nick or cut! And that's not the only saving that shaving with a REMINGTON brings . . . there are no blades or soap to buy and no mess to clean up afterwards. You can give a REMINGTON with confidence, too . . . secure in the knowledge that it's *fully guaranteed* and is sold on a 14-day trial basis! Of course, it's smartly designed and comes in the handsomest presentation case I've ever seen . . . but costs very little compared to the great joy it will give. So make his Christmas Merry and all his New Years Happy . . . with this beautiful, practical gift!



THE HOLIDAY SEASON is a "signal" for many gala festivities . . . so be sure your hands look lovely each time they're on display. That's impossible . . . because you have dried-out "detergent hands"? Well, let me tell you about ANGEL SKIN by



Pond's . . . a revolutionary new lotion that prevents dryness and irritation from soap and detergent alkalies. ANGEL SKIN is really scientifically years ahead . . . for unlike other lotions I've used, it's *not* stopped on the rough outer surface of your skin . . . instead, it penetrates and gives immediate *deep softening*! And I do mean immediate . . . right before your eyes you can see flushed "angry" redness fade, dry skin lines vanish and like magic your skin loses that scratchy feeling . . . looks younger, smoother, whiter! But get this:

"PROVE-IT" SAMPLE of ANGEL SKIN by Pond's . . . to try before you buy. Just print your name, address and mail with 10c, to cover handling, to Nancy Sasser, Dept. CS-6, 50 King St., W., Toronto. And do it today . . . in time for Christmas.

SOMEONE YOU LOVE would love to get a piece or two of WALLACE Sterling at stocking-hanging time . . . for it's perfection in silver, designed with such craftsmanship that it will grace a table through the years! And it's a gift you can give with pride . . . so complement a set already started with some of the "extras" which add so much to gracious dining . . . such as a *carving set* or *salad servers* . . . or delight the hearts of your favourite newlyweds with a *starter set* or *place setting*! WALLACE, you know, is Canada's extra value Sterling and there's enchanting "Third Dimension Beauty" (beauty from every angle!) in each distinctive pattern . . . *Grand Colonial*, *Rose Point*, *Stradivari* and *Grande Baroque*. Be sure to tell Santa that you'd like WALLACE Sterling, too . . . and choose pieces for yourself when you shop for gifts.



IT'S TIME TO DECORATE YOUR HOME for the holidays ahead . . . and I suggest you begin by giving the floors a beauty treatment that will make them out-sparkle your Christmas Tree lights. You can if you use *genuine JOHNSON'S Paste Wax* . . . for it enhances the natural beauty of your wood floors and protects them . . . better than anything I've ever tried (and I've tried them all!). It's even better than ever now, too . . . gives a *brighter, longer-lasting shine with less rubbing*! What's more, JOHNSON'S Paste Wax is the only wax I've ever used that seems to seep into the pores of the wood and enrich the natural beauty of the grain . . . as well as restore it if necessary. And its tough, clear wax coat shields floors against ground-in dirt and tramping feet . . . keeps them shining with only an occasional light, easy buffing. You can wax once . . . relax for months! Get JOHNSON'S Paste Wax today to beautify your floors and protect them during the busy Christmas Season.



I'M SAYING MERRY CHRISTMAS to my young friends in the Grib Set with a gift of BABY'S OWN Bath Set . . . which contains BABY'S OWN SOAP, BABY'S OWN POWDER and BABY'S OWN OIL! And I suggest you give it, too . . . for it's something every mother will appreciate and every baby delight in. That's because BABY'S OWN SOAP is now enriched with *Lanolate* . . . a marvelous new ingredient made from *pure lanolin* concentrated 25 times to give baby's *thinner* skin the greatest possible protection from harm! BABY'S OWN OIL also contains lanolin while BABY'S OWN POWDER is made from the finest imported Italian talc . . . and all 3 work together to protect baby's *thinner* skin and guard against chapping, chafing and irritation. So when you shop for gifts, get BABY'S OWN Bath Set for your own precious baby . . . then follow BABY'S OWN 3-Step Protection *every day*! You should . . . for as you well know a baby's skin is *thinner* than a grown-up's . . . it chafes more easily and can be injured sooner.



Last-Minute Gifts

Use these original gift ideas to fill out your Christmas list. You'll find them all easy and inexpensive to make

Time: 45 minutes

A pert clown laundry bag that children will love to keep "fatted up" is easily made of half a yard of colored material and some bright felt. Sew a 12- to 16-inch zipper to the two selvedge edges, keeping all excess material to the bottom. Seam top and bottom ends and turn right side out through zipper. Make the feet, hands and head of two layers of felt sewn together but design the face before sewing. Trim with ruffles, braid or rows of buttons. Make neck loop for hanging up the bag.



Time: 10 minutes each

Any woman would be delighted to receive one, two or three of these gay little hat pins. Put hat or corsage pin through centre of two-inch square of felt with drop of plastic cement at base to hold firm. Pad with cotton, gather felt to form tricorns, buds or rectangles. Trim with sequins or beads.

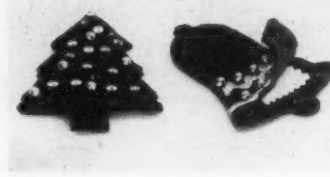
Time: 60 minutes

Sewing basket can be made from one roll basket (49c) and half a yard of material. Sew material right side out around inside top edge of basket. Cut off excess width, seam up inside. Turn in remaining edge and gather tightly. Bring this down and fasten through to bottom of basket. Run two rows of stitching half an inch apart along double fold thus formed at the top and pull drawstrings through for tight closing.



Time: 30 minutes

Pretty little needle cases in seasonal trim are made of two pieces of felt cut in tree, bell or other decorative forms. Sew flannel to inside of back piece about halfway down. Decorate front piece with beads, braid or sequins. Join the two pieces together by stitching them halfway down the sides.

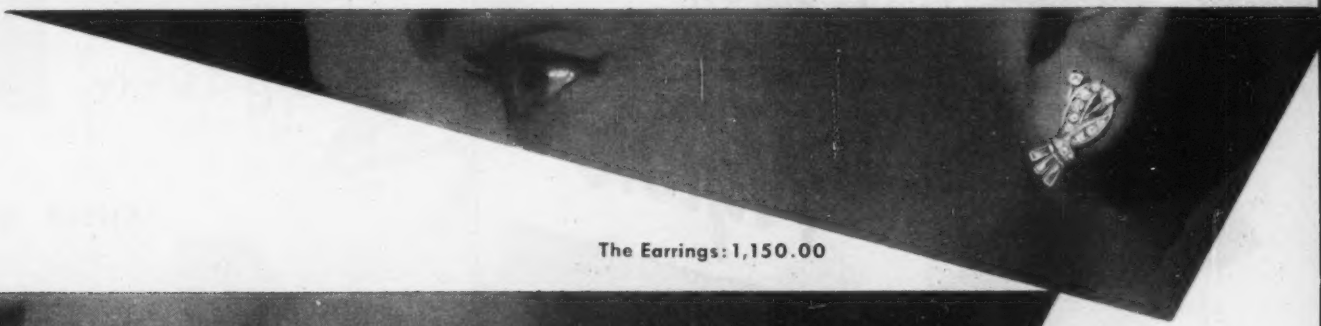


Time: 20 minutes each

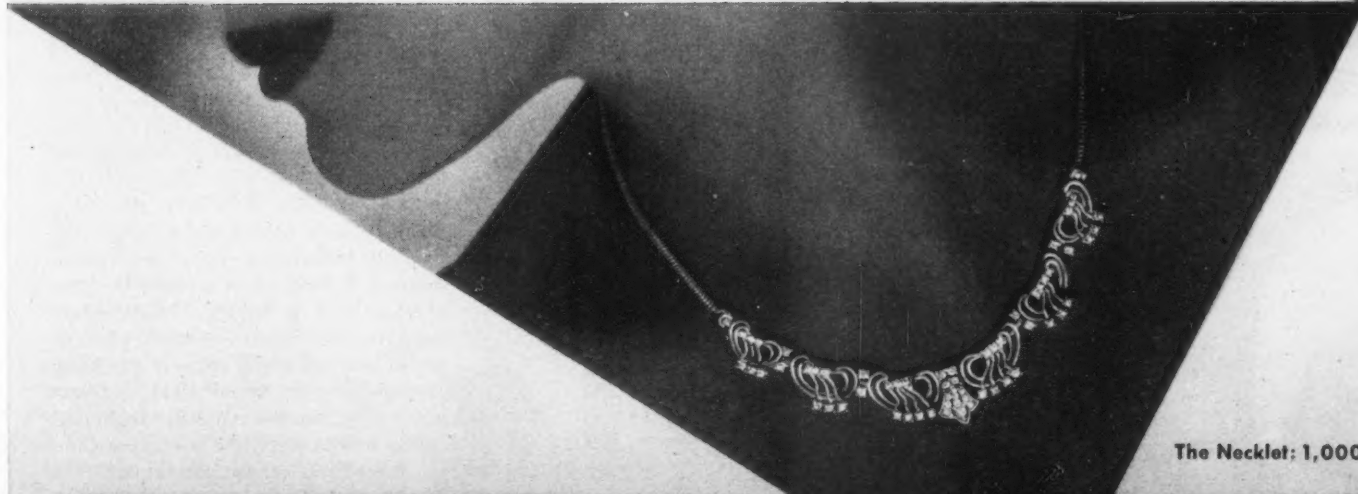
Have fun making armfuls of beautiful bangles with tubular velvet (45c a yard) and some old coat hangers. Cut the hangers in 6- or 8-inch lengths with wire cutters; bend to fit wrist. Insert in tubular velvet, turn back and stitch raw ends, finish with a drop pearl, shining bead or artificial flowers.



BIRKS




The Earrings: 1,150.00



The Necklet: 1,000.00

*Starring
this season:*

Diamond jewellery . . .
designed and fashioned by
Birks for Christmas giving. Settings
are of platinum . . . each
precious stone of traditional Birks
quality. Many other one-of-a-kind pieces
to choose from . . . including a
superb selection of diamond-set watches.



The Brooch:
1,540.00

The Diamond
and Sapphire Bracelet:
4,500.00

The Cocktail Ring:
1,150.00



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ST. CATHARINES • WINDSOR • WINNIPEG • REGINA • SASKATOON • EDMONTON • CALGARY • VANCOUVER • VICTORIA



It's here again! The season of fun and frenzy. And what a frenzy we can all get into trying to decide what to give—and what fun we can have choosing gifts that are just right. Here are some ideas for the men in your life—nylon gifts that are not only exciting, but practical.

A nylon tricot shirt to bring a gleam to his eye!



Newest and niftiest... this rugged nylon jacket.



You'll get fond thanks for nylon stretch socks.



Any traveller would appreciate easy-living nylon pyjamas.



To be his constant companion... a good-looking nylon blend sweater.



says Nancy Nylon



DU PONT COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED, MONTREAL

BEAUTY

Memo from Rosemary

CHECK YOUR CHRISTMAS



Since most of us are agreed that Christmas should be a time of joy and undiluted happiness chances are that from now until the New Year your phone will be ringing, your mailbox will be bulging and the tempo of your after-five life will accelerate almost to the speed of a miniature whirlwind. This being so, it's even more likely that somewhere between waking and sleeping, nagging little thoughts of your long Christmas shopping list will come creeping in. So, whether bent on buying "a little something" for Aunt Emma or a special gift from you to you, grasp your purse in one hand, your shopping list in the other, and head for the bright lights of the nearest city. But this is only the beginning. Never, it seems, have the stores looked gayer, the bunting brighter or the displays more dazzling. Where, you wonder, do you start? The answer is right here. For we have collected a potpourri of news from the beauty world to help you plan your shopping list. It will, we hope, save you some of the anguish of rushing from counter to counter in a frantic haze of indecision, with your feet probably screaming a protest and your head throbbing in sympathy.



To hang on the Christmas tree... "Tinkle-toes," a miniature pair of Santa Claus boots in pink and blue felt. In one boot, a jeweled lipstick; in the other, a matching perfumair... A striped and starred cornucopia, containing a stick of solid cologne... A tiny wrought-iron boudoir chair, lace-frilled and completely bewitching, bearing a phial of French perfume... An ivory lip brush that works like an ejector pen—press a button and the brush appears, press it again and it vanishes... A bland and rosy new skin cleanser that whips up a gentle foam and sloughs away dust and grime. Comes in a shiny blue package with a drift of pink bubbles and a pink satin bow... A slim, gold perfume case packed with six glass and gilt chess men, each containing a different perfume. The case does double-duty later as an evening purse... The special luxury of a mammoth make-up box containing face powder, lipstick, compact, dusting and sachet powder, and perfume.

Sweeter than air... Beauty, we firmly believe, begins in the bathtub. And having established this truth, it naturally follows that quantities of warm water, cakes of soap and a well-intentioned scrubbing brush are among the first essentials. But having scrubbed, lathered and doused yourself into a state of sparkling clearness, the next step is to surround yourself with an aura of fresh and delicious fragrance. You might choose one of these, for yourself or for a friend: A set of bath cubes and soap, bringing a breath of



LIST FOR BEAUTY

lemons, sun and pampas plains . . . Dusting powder and toilet water—an echo of tweed and Scotch heather . . . The limpid rain-washed fragrance of April violets, blended into toilet soap and cologne . . . A set of five perfume "bouquets."

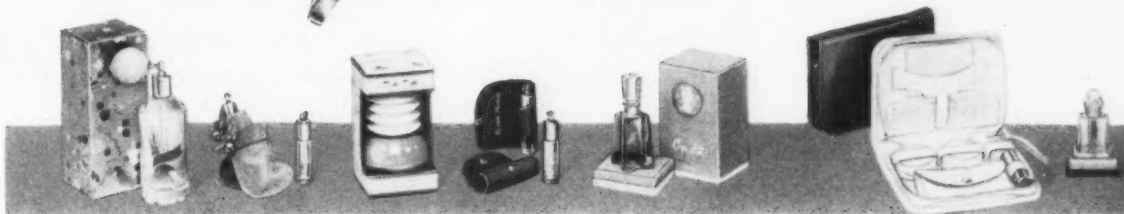
Purely personal . . . A creamy new liquid foundation that sinks into the skin and leaves a delicate mist of color. Comes in a slim squeeze bottle that slips unobtrusively into any purse . . . A rich, balmy oil that miraculously restores the life and lustre to dry, brittle locks . . . A lipstick-size make-up base that, chalked over



tiny lines and blemishes, blots them out . . . A home hair-coloring kit, complete with gloves, mixing bottle and applicator—the whole process as easy as falling off a log.

And a final word . . . Human weaknesses being what they are, and turkey, plum pudding and Christmas cake being what they are, there is—we feel—a pretty strong likelihood that you may succumb to the former, and suffer from an overdose of the latter. In which case, you may wake up one morning with a pesky crop of spots. If you do, then you'll need a medicated soap—there's one with a fresh, tangy fragrance—to help drive away the blemishes. There's a medicated cold cream and skin cream, too. +

The Most Cherished Gifts of All by *Elizabeth Arden*



Blue Grass Flower Mist with Atomizer, 3.00

Twinkletoes—Perfumair and Lipstick, with jewelled tops, 5.00

Blue Grass Puff-Puff Dusting Powder and Bath Soap, 2.00

Jewelled Perfumair—Blue Grass, My Love, On Dit, It's You, Night & Day, White Orchid 3.00

French Perfumes—On Dit, 9.50 to 70.00; Blue Grass, 7.00 to 50.00; My Love, 9.50 to 75.00

Service Kit—genuine leather—black, red, ivory or pigskin, 7.50

Deluxe Blue Grass Perfume, 7.00, 14.00, 22.50, 33.00, 50.00



Golden Foursome, 4 miniature Flower Mists, 6.00

Black and red brocade case—Automatic Lipstick and Perfumair, 6.00

Black Faillie Fashion Case with red satin lining—compact, lipstick and Perfumair, 12.50. White and gold Chinese brocade case, 15.00

Hand Lotion—Blue Grass or June Geranium, 1.50 and 2.50

Blue Grass Puff-Puff Dusting Powder—large size—in Christmas carton, 1.75

June Geranium Bath Soap in flowered acetate tube, 2.50

Cornucopia—Blue Grass Solid Cologne 1.50

June Geranium Bath Salts and Bath Soap, 2.35



Flight-Weight Beauty Box—genuine cowhide—suntan, red, blue, grey; Arden blue, Arden pink . . . 115.00 with cover

Child's Bath Kit—with lift-out tray, blue or pink, 10.75

Beauty Box—New Arden pink or blue, simulated rawhide, simulated alligator in red or black, 10.00

Other Gifts from \$1.00 to \$155.00

Elizabeth Arden

London • New York • Paris • Toronto

"Christmas lasts all year by jiminey when G-E gifts come down the chimney"

Santa's got every right to be poetical this Christmas. He knows that every housewife who receives one of his G-E gifts will be singing his praises—not only during this holiday season, but for years and years. For here are the appliances that will lighten the labour of her household chores . . . giving lots more leisure and pleasure. Just wait till Christmas morning and see for yourself how her eyes light up with an extra thank you when she receives her special electrical appliance—General Electric, of course.



AUTOMATIC TOASTER

No burnt fingers . . . no burnt toast. Toast "pops up" to your taste every time. Gleaming, easy-to-clean chrome finish.

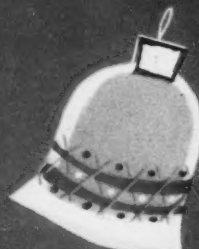
FLOOR POLISHER. You just guide and your floors gleam in a hurry. Lightweight, easy-to-carry . . . polishes deep into corners, close to baseboard, furniture and rugs.



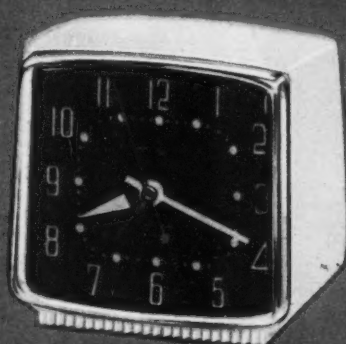
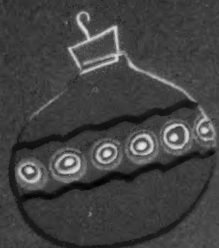
ELECTRIC KETTLE. Fast boiling... boils water for four cups of tea in less than three minutes—holds four cups. Leaves range elements free for cooking.



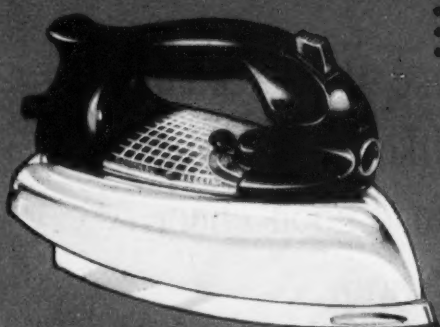
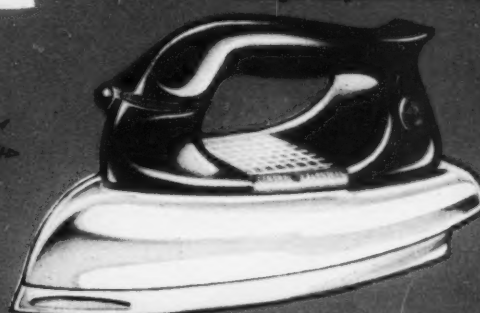
FULL POWERED MIXER. Gives all of the features of far more expensive mixers without costly "extras." Portable, lightweight, mixes everything from heavy batters to fluffy meringues.



FEATHERWEIGHT IRON. Weighs only three pounds... has extra-large soleplate that covers more ironing surface with every stroke. Fabric Dial maintains the right temperature for every fabric.



"LULLABY" ALARM CLOCK. Typical of all G-E clocks—attractive, low priced... accurate to the second... never needs winding or oiling. Plastic egg shell case... with or without luminous dial.



STEAM IRON. Two irons in one. Changes from steam to dry at the flick of a button. Ideal for all steam ironing and pressing... yet is a fully automatic dry iron.



"HELPER" CLOCK. Add glamour to your kitchen at a low price. Large-sized numerals with sweep second hand and shatter-proof crystal. Cheerful red or yellow plastic case.



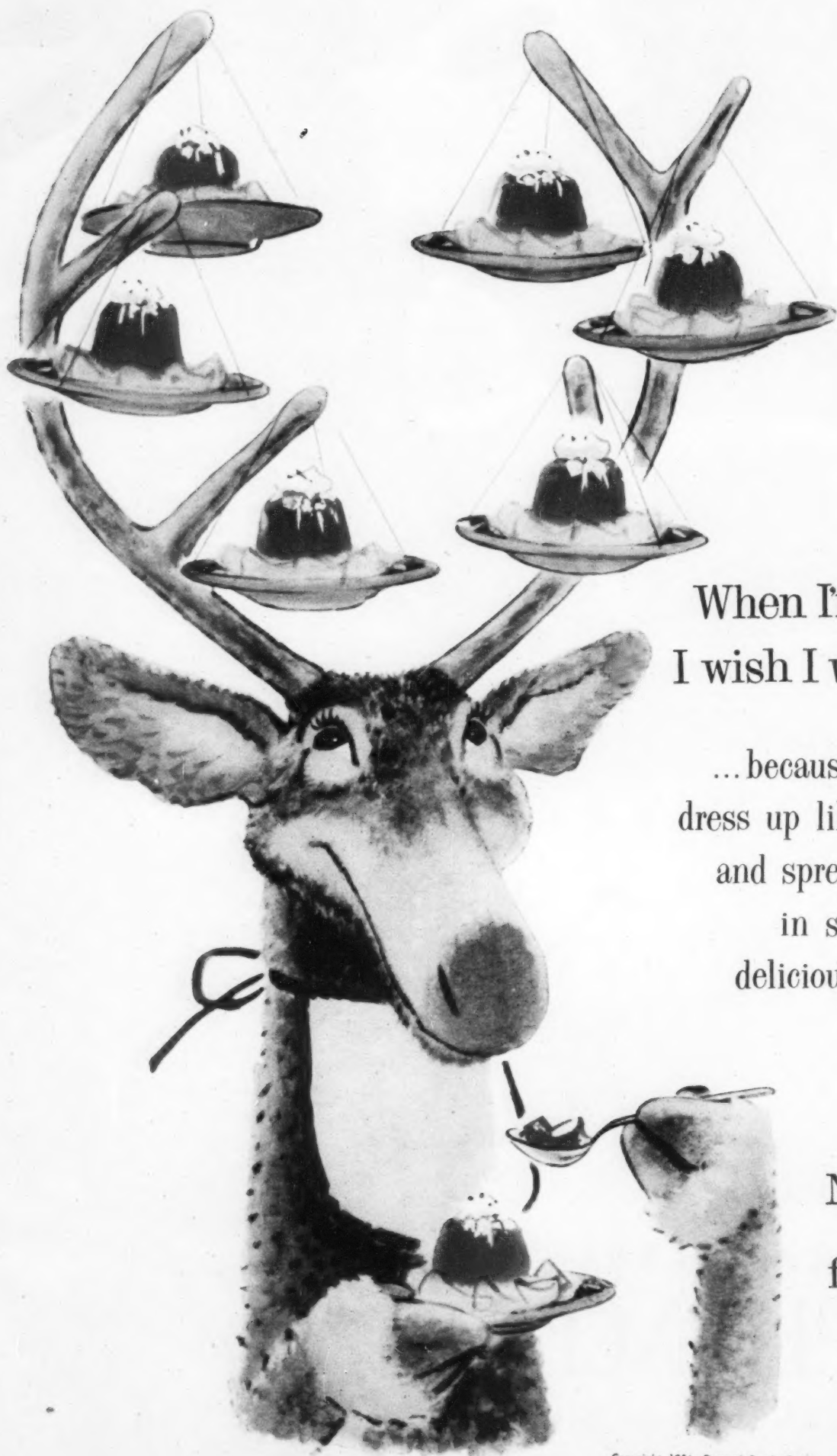
SWIVEL-TOP CLEANER. Now... clean an entire room without once moving the cleaner. Has extra-large throw-away bag, interlocking attachments... and a price that will be a happy surprise.



GENERAL ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

...for gifts that keep on giving

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED



When I'm eating Jell-O,
I wish I were a reindeer

...because then I could
dress up like a Christmas tree
and spread good cheer
in seven
delicious flavors!

Now's the time

for



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WHY DOES THIS
LITTLE FAMILY GO EACH
DECEMBER 24 TO THE
GREAT RAILWAY STATION
WHERE THEY ONCE STOOD SAD
AND ALONE, SURROUNDED
BY STRANGERS?
READ THE MOVING STORY OF

"Our First Canadian Christmas"

By Dr. Nadine Hradsky

Photos by Peter Croydon

With her children, Nadine and Peter, Dr. Nadine Hradsky (right) stood in Union Station and prayed.

VERY SOON now it will be Christmas Eve, the fifth Christmas we have spent in Canada. We are among the one million new Canadians who at this nostalgic and sentimental time of the year must blend the traditions of a lifetime with the unfamiliar sounds, atmosphere and smells of a Canadian Christmas.

My husband, our two children and I have learned to love this country with a passion that embarrasses our Canadian friends. We learned the splendor of living here on the eve of our first Christmas in Canada and each Christmas since has been a milestone in a new and marvelous life. Every year we accept more of the tradition and gaiety of the Canadian Christmas. But I hope I won't sound like an ungrateful guest if I mention a little later in this article a disturbing element in the Canadian Christmas, an element to which we can never become accustomed.

But first, let me tell you how we happened to come to Canada. We came from Czechoslovakia, where my father, my husband and I were partners in a law firm. We were all doctors of law and my father, Dr. Milan Ivanka, was a member of parliament from the founding of the Czechoslovakian state until Hitler came. Hitler then removed him to a prison camp. He died a few years later.

We had a small daughter, called Nadine after me, and we decided it wasn't wise to have more children until Hitler was gone. In 1945, after the war, the Slovakian Democratic (Agrarian) Party was formed and I headed the women's section of it as its general secretary. The party was violently anti-Communist, a situation that could not last after the Communist Putsch in 1948. I traveled around the villages of Czechoslovakia,

Continued on next page

"Our First Canadian Christmas"

CONTINUED



Mother and daughter make old-world dishes like *kapustnica* with new Canadian ingredients.



A Christmas Eve tradition is the gathering round the family tree and crib where Peter, closest in age to the Babe, prays.

discovered that the Communists were tricking women into applying for party membership and wrote newspaper articles about it.

Shortly afterward the Communists arrested my husband, Zdenko. I was in hospital then, in February of 1948, giving birth to a son we called Peter. When I returned to our apartment, high in a big building, the police came to get me. I picked up my baby and stood beside a window. "I'll come with you," I said, "but only through the window." A few days before a woman had jumped to her death rather than be arrested and the incident had created a bad impression. They left me alone. Three months later my husband was released, a broken man. They had beaten him with lead pipes, breaking his legs in several places, and he had gone without food, water and sleep for periods of forty-eight hours.

It was November before he was strong enough for us to escape from the country. On the night of my daughter's eleventh birthday we crouched in a muddy cornfield, waiting for the moonlight to fade so we could dash across the border. We held our baby son in our arms and he slept the whole terrible night. The next day we rested in Vienna and then, in fear that we might be kidnaped into the Russian zone, we again took the awful risk of crossing the Russian-controlled sector to reach Innsbruck, Austria, where the Western allies operated an enormous displaced persons' camp. We began planning, at once, to come to Canada.

Zdenko's health was still too poor to permit him to travel, so in August 1949 I arrived in Toronto with our two children to begin a new life. I found an inexpensive basement apartment; unfortunately it often had an inch or two of water on the floor but I kept the children out of doors all day, even feeding them outside, so the dampness wouldn't affect them too much.

Two days after I arrived in Toronto I found a night job in a candy factory wrapping Christmas candy canes. I approached this job with trepidation. I knew of the efficiency of Canadian factory workers and I despaired of holding the job. I spoke little English and one of the girls showed me how to roll the Cellophane wrapper around the candy cane in sign language.

After a few hours there was a break for lunch, but I had brought none. One of



THE HRADSKYS HAVE MINGLED OLD CUSTOMS AND NEW AT EACH SUCCEEDING CANADIAN CHRISTMAS



Peter sets out all his shoes to be filled. In Europe he did this on December 6.

Family supper on Christmas Eve includes soup and carp, "the Christmas fish," and often turkey.

the girls approached me and indicated she had too many sandwiches. "Help me eat them, please," she said. I shared her lunch and the other workers sat around me and told me the English words "bread" and "water."

The next months were the same. For two weeks, until I began bringing my own lunch, someone always had too many sandwiches and I "helped" them. While we ate I would recite the new English words I had learned the night before and the girls would teach me more. They were delighted at my progress.

That's when I fell in love with Canada. No one had told those people in the factory how to behave toward a stranger. They knew I needed kindness and love and they gave it to me. When the Christmas candy was finished and there was no longer any work for me, the boss called me into his office and showed real concern for my future. He knew nothing about me and I could scarcely talk with him because of my poor English, but he wrote me a letter of recommendation complimenting me so highly that I wept. If I had to give up either my university diploma or that letter of recommendation, I would hand over the diploma without hesitation. It is a wonderful letter.

They told me at the factory that the Christmas decorations in Union Station are beautiful. Because I had no money or time to prepare a Christmas tree for my children—I was making only fifteen dollars a week—I decided to take them to Union Station on Christmas Eve.

The station was lovely beyond description. Around us were towering trees filled with colored lights and the high vaulted ceiling above us gave me the feeling of being in a church. I held Peter, who was nearly two, and Nadine stood beside me. I began to pray and Nadine, thinking of home and her father, wiped tears from her eyes.

A couple approached us. The man was big and white-haired and smoking a cigar. Peter later called it a piece of wood because he had never seen a cigar. The woman was pink-complexioned, wore glasses and also had white hair. They looked at my twelve-year-old daughter wiping her eyes.

"Have you lost something?" asked the man kindly.

"No, no," I assured him. "It's nothing. It's our first Christmas in Canada and she is missing her father."

Continued on page 72



For Peter, the manger is the heart of Christmas but too many Canadian children, his mother feels, learn only of Santa Claus.



Confident that life in Canada is good for them and for their children, the Hradskys find each year better than the last.



He held the watch as though it were something alive and delicate and rare.

THE BOY WHO UNDERSTOOD CHRISTMAS

What could have made Sim sell his watch—his most precious possession and the only gift he had ever received?

NETTIE had lived alone in the old Meader place for almost a year when Sim Patten came around asking for work. Surprised, Nettie looked him over. Nobody had ever heard of any of the Pattens wanting to work and Sim was just a kid, in a faded rag of a shirt that could have been cleaner.

"You're pretty little," Nettie said in that sharp way she had, without making any move to unhook the screen door. "What can you do?"

"Anythin'." Sim straightened his thin shoulder blades, trying to make himself look bigger. "I'm wiry." As an afterthought he added, "Ma'am."

"How old are you?" Nettie asked, still unyielding.

"Fourteen going on fifteen," said Sim, looking at her with those great, black eyes. And then, as if he needed somehow to identify himself, "I live at Hi Patten's."

This Nettie already knew, of course. She did her share of charity work for the church, and there had been Pattens on the lists for baskets at Thanksgiving and Christmas since she could remember. Hi Patten had five children of his own, starting with baby Jode not yet able to walk, besides this one, Sim, whose father, one of Hi's younger brothers, had got himself killed a few

years back in a tavern brawl out at Four Corners.

Sometimes it didn't seem right to Nettie, six children growing up like rabbits in a warren in Hi Patten's shack by the gravel quarry, and her left in that big quiet house, all alone.

She said thoughtfully, "I guess I might pay somebody a dollar to whitewash my chicken shed. Somebody who'd do a real good job." Sim's eyes lit up like a half-starved pup that's sniffed a bone. "Inside and out," Nettie said.

Folks around Rockport had a way of saying life had passed by Miss Nettie Meader like a chill wind that left her frozen a little. Sarah, her mother, had become an invalid gradually, with nothing wrong that any doctor could find, while Nettie was in high school. And then the old woman's death (she lingered for twelve years) did something to Ralph Meader's mind. Nothing violent, nothing he needed to be put away because of. Mostly he just thought it was raining. No matter how the sun was shining, or how deep the snow was, he'd just sit behind the fernery in the bay window and talk about the pouring rain.

So by the time her father was gone too, Nettie was no longer a pink-cheeked girl who might have been as fun-loving as the next if she hadn't always been burdened down. She was still

attractive but already set in her ways, with a sharpness to her tongue and her eye, and the old Meader place all to herself.

It was suppertime when Sim got the white-washing finished. Smart, Nettie saw, for a Patten. Without being told, he'd done the inside first so he could finish the outside in the fading light. Nettie thought about that. His mother, she remembered, had been one of the Russell girls. The wild one, of course, to marry Ned Patten, but the rest of the Russells were steady enough farming people who had moved east somewhere during the drought years and never came back.

Maybe, Nettie told herself, blood counts for something after all. The boy would be part Russell. And he was an orphan, living out at Hi Patten's because he had nowhere else to go. When he knocked at the kitchen door for his dollar, she unhooked the screen and told him to come on inside. Then she put another slice of ham on to fry.

She prided herself on her judgment of character, and by the time Sim had finished his supper she knew he had good, common sense. If he ate mostly with his spoon and didn't seem to know what his napkin was for, what could you expect

Continued on page 57

By Roberta Engle Peters

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD TOWN

I'M OVER FORTY

and I hate it

says PHYLLIS LEE PETERSON

The author, a Montreal housewife and a well-

ON A SUNNY DAY not too many years ago, our family drove past the abattoir. This is not a pursuit I recommend, it just happened. Two small boys leaned out of the car and watched with scientific detachment while a steady stream of beef on the hoof passed through a narrow door and started down the runway from which there is no return. We sped on. Pappy discoursed on the mechanization of the meat industry and the kids munched popsicles. As for me, I knew just how those animals felt. I'd been shoved through the door of my fortieth birthday and from here on it was down all the way.

I don't care what some of the Pollyannas who write medical articles say, I don't like being over forty. I don't agree that these years are a peaceful plateau with a view. Right now my plateau's a ditch and the view is far from inspiring. The bathroom mirror is on the blink, else why these grey hairs creeping in and a throat that needs ironing? The bathroom scales are out of order. I couldn't have gained ten pounds in three months. The cleaner's shrunk my skirt so the zipper won't zip. Print's getting smaller and I can't read the phone book. Even the municipal authorities have joined the conspiracy. They've lengthened the hill from the grocery store to the house. I, who formerly winged up that hill like a bird, now have to stop and rest.

"Pretty teen-agers pass in the twilight and I sigh for a spring that is past"

Strange things are happening all around me. The girls I went to school with are discussing something called "the change" over their teacups. My husband leers knowingly when I blow up about important catastrophes like the refrigerator door that won't shut and his shaving brush left in the washbasin. When I burst into tears he finds a good reason for being somewhere else. The boys can't understand why I'm shattered by eight cowboys and cap guns in the basement. Everything goes contrary and Mrs. Gummidge had nothing on me.

Pretty teen-agers pass in the summer twilight and I sigh, drinking in the scent of night-blooming flowers and hearing a Strauss waltz on the air.

Not for me this magic night. Never again the thrills and the rapture. I haven't thought of them for years. I never missed them before, yet now I reach out to Spring that is gone. "You're crazy," said one of my friends. "You wouldn't go back to that awful self-consciousness, the painful adjustments, the business of growing up." Wouldn't I? Try me.

"When I unload my symptoms the man in white asks me what I expect"

On top of everything else, a female anatomy healthy enough to ignore forty years suddenly goes coquettish. I sit in the doctor's waiting room and envy those with something simple like pregnancy. When I unload my symptoms, the man in white asks me what I expect. I'm forty plus . . .

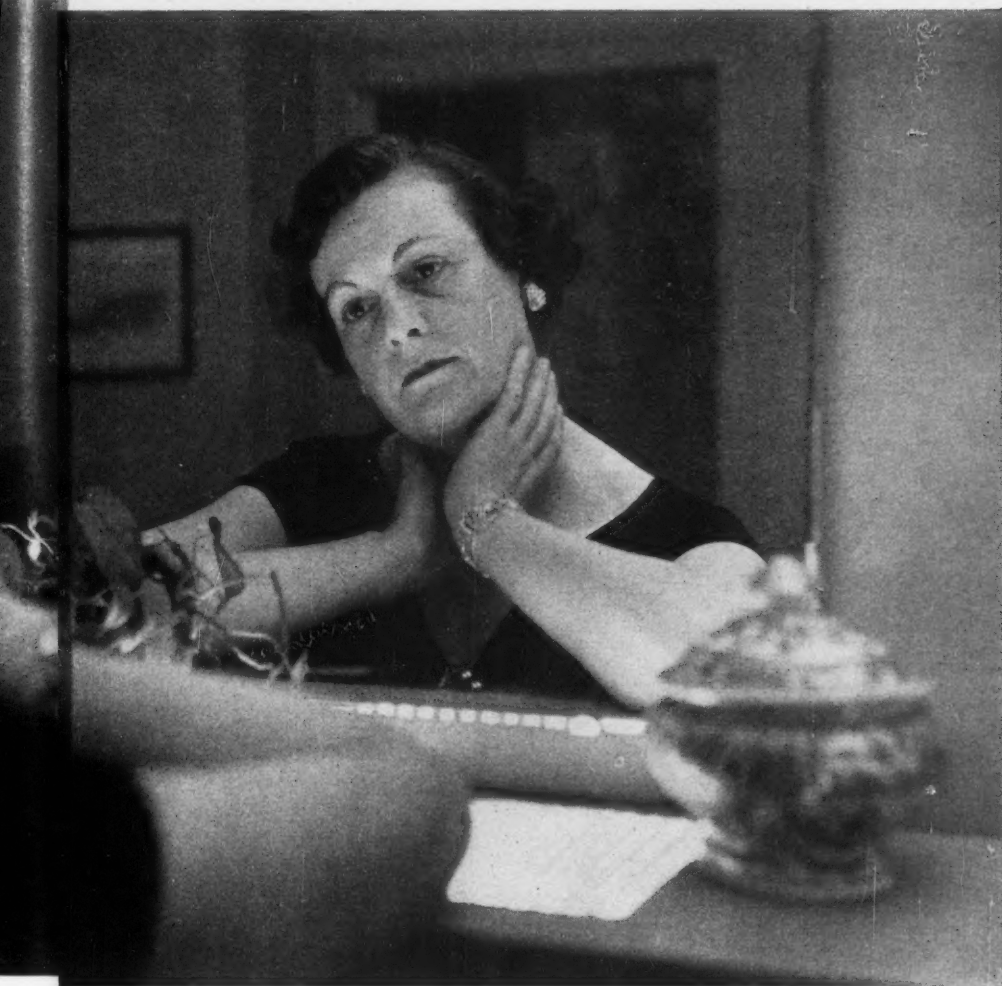
"You're strong as a horse," he says brutally, "but just to make sure we'll take you into the hospital for a checkup." After two days and minor surgical exploration, he tells me there's nothing wrong with me.

"However," says he, putting the tips of his fingers together, "if you're heading for trouble, I'd suggest a hysterectomy."

"WHAT?" say I, bolt upright on the pillows.

"Well, Dr. X says if thy main female organ offend thee, pluck it out!" says he, quoting a minor gynecologic god.

"That's all right for Dr. X," say I, "he hasn't got one," and tremblingly call for my clothes. In my case the suggestion served as shock treatment. In many others it is offered in good faith and women submit to radical surgery as the cure-all for a perfectly natural process. No intelligent woman will deny the necessity for this operation under certain circumstances. But mere adjustment to the changing years, normal but erratic, isn't reason enough. There is a growing tendency to place a hysterectomy in the tonsil class—minimizing it and employing it as a short cut to fifty. Thanks, I'm getting there fast enough. If Mother Nature falls down on the job, I'll resign myself to radical surgery. Meanwhile I'll give her a chance. Sans tonsils and appendix by twenty, I've grown attached to the organs that stayed with me through time. I may not have an operation to contribute



The telephone book is harder
to read, the cleaner
has shrunk my skirt again
and life seems to be
closing in. But there is a
way through without
stepping into any of the
traps that abound

known writer of short stories, looks into her mirror and ponders the problems that come after forty.

to the kaffee klatsch conversations but it's a comfort to know everything's still there.

"Forty plus is a state of mind," is another pearl of advice. "Lead a busy active life and forget it!" What other kind of life is there for today's woman, raising a family, running a house and wrestling with the budget? Yet I can't forget it. The sense of lost youth, the abject inadequacy, all the glorious things I was going to do and never did. When they sweep over me in an overwhelming flood, I remember the things I have done. They aren't great or wonderful but somehow they help. They were my jobs, the responsibilities that fell on my shoulders, and I did the best I could. At these times, the dishes to wash and socks to mend are forgotten, and the little satisfactions of forty years' living are sweet in my heart.

That's one step out of the ditch. The wistful envy of youth is still there but would I be so envious if I hadn't known and enjoyed it? That's another step, remembering the glory. I had it, no one can take that away. Because I remember, let me be patient with youngsters mooning through adolescence, the backings and fillings of growing up. Let me understand the problems, sympathize with the griefs, exult in the joys. Youth climbs the shining hills. Let me watch from the valley on the other side with eyes that understand.

*"The man of the house is feeling
his age, too, and I'm the one he depends on"*

There are strains and tensions in forty plus. Some are exaggerated or wholly imaginary, others are not. The tragedy and responsibility of ageing parents come on us at a time when our own vitality seems to flag. Financial problems loom larger with our children's higher education. The man of the house is feeling his age. His successes seem trivial to him, he panics with the knowledge he's gone as far as he'll get. Somehow we, the forty-plus women, are the ones they all depend on.

"Give me a little time alone," I hear myself saying. "Just let me go away somewhere for a few moments and think." And from somewhere in a quiet room, a church in the shopping district, a deck chair in the garden,

come the inner peace and resources I never knew I had. The situation is met, the problem discussed, and God is not only in His heaven but in me where I need Him. Not always—sometimes there are hot tears and frayed nerves instead—but more and more as I learn the true meaning of maturity.

*"I've seen the clinging
mother, who won't let her children go"*

I watch other forty-pluses and see they've taken three different ways. Some simply drift. They are the poor-little-me's. "Nobody loves me. I've given the best years of my life to my family and what do I get?" Usually what they deserve, shunned like the plague. The martyrs are with us. After listening to them I wonder when the sun last shone. The termagants, who let hot temper fly and make no effort at self-discipline, degenerating into old women who chase children off lawns and terrorize a neighborhood. The drifters are hell on themselves and everyone else, floating down on the easy tide of emotional instability to nervous breakdown. No, I won't take that way.

I can kick frenziedly against the stream, clutching wildly at whatever will help me forget the years. But I've seen the glamour girl, raddled with hair-dye, wearing clothes too young and ogling the men at cocktail parties. She's pitiful. I've seen the clinging mother, who won't let her children go, and tries to renew youth like a vampire. She's dangerous, ruining the lives she feeds on. I've seen the alcoholic and broken home, the wife and mother throwing her bonnet over a windmill. That way's not for me either.

I won't drift and I can't forget facts. I'm like the minister when his charming parishioner told him she'd finally accepted life for what it was. "Madam," said he, "you'd darned well better." The middle way's my way out of the ditch but it's not without struggle. That's one reason why I hate forty plus. It takes strength of mind.

"Gosh, Mom, you're packing it on," observes my son. He's right. I'm packing it on the arms and thighs. Not to put too fine a point on it, I'm getting a pot. So I start packing it

Continued on page 56



PAM HAD JUST MET
THE BIG ROMANCE OF HER LIFE AND
EVERY MINUTE WAS PRECIOUS.
YET SHE WAS EXPECTED TO SPEND

Christmas at Home

Pamela, her arms full of parcels, gazed raptly at the vision displayed in the big store's "Junior Rendezvous." Luminous under concealed lights, a wax model in a frosty white tulle dress stood beneath a many-branched chandelier that glittered with small green and gold and silver and blue and red balls. The model might have been Pamela herself, tiny-waisted, brown-haired and with thickly fringed eyelashes. This was the fifth time in an hour she had been irresistibly drawn to the spot, but the same kind of shooting thrill went through her as if it were only the first. The frosty white and brilliant baubles summed up all the quivering anticipations of this particular Christmas. That, she hoped, was how she would look to Nonie's cousin, Alec, at the party Nonie was having for him. At this very moment he was somewhere in the same town with her. "I'll drag him around and introduce him tonight," Nonie had promised, "if we aren't all poohed out with shopping." Pamela thought of the snapshot of the Frensham College basketball team that she'd snatched from Nonie. In the midst of the scrawny necks and knobby knees of his teammates, Alec was all straight bones and clean lines. She had drawn a circle around his head and shoulders and pinned the result in her top drawer, so that every time she opened it he was smiling at her. Still bemused, she descended to the street level and made a parcel-cluttered entry into the revolving door, only to be projected forcibly into the street by an impatient thrust from someone behind. It sent her stumbling out, her smart little fur-trimmed hat teetering sideways, her arms so full of parcels that she had no free hand to straighten it. And of all

Continued on page 47

By MARGARET AND LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

Illustrated by Oscar Cahen

"In case you wouldn't know," Nonie said to her, "this is Alec."





Just being natural
has made Elaine Grand
a Canadian star. She
interviews celebrities
like Madame Pandit
and Billy Graham but
her favorite guests are
children. Once, when
she asked tough-guy
Mike Hammer to
hit her, he
kissed her instead



Elaine's first big show was Tabloid, with Percy Saltzman (left) and Dick MacDougal.



With producer Ross McLean, Elaine checks her program schedule for coming week.

THE TV HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTES'

By JUNE CALLWOOD

THE NATION'S leading female television personality is not a smoldering actress, a toothy singer, a gushy commentator or a pigeon-shaped politician. She's a twenty-eight-year-old ex-housewife named Elaine Grand.

Since last July Elaine Grand has been seen more often on Canadian television than any other woman. As hostess of *Living*, a half-hour collection of advice, interviews and demonstrations, the one-time Winnipeg fashion artist appears three times a week on screens in fifteen cities from Halifax to Vancouver. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, which has Elaine on an eight-thousand-dollar-a-year contract, estimates that half a million people watch every show, a good audience for a CBC production.

Elaine, who was widowed on Christmas Day last year, is five foot seven with a good, small-waisted figure, close-cropped auburn hair, a warming smile that lights her whole face, wide brown eyes and—the rarest commodity in television—naturalness. While many women in the medium are frantically gay, girlish or garrulous, Elaine has become a roaring success by being herself.

As hostess on *Living* she introduces the show, interviews some of the guest experts, links each evening's quota of items with a few casual words of explanation, and signs off. This is an expansion of her role on the CBC news-weather-interview show, *Tabloid*, where she spent a year interviewing celebrities like Madame Pandit Nehru, former president of the United Nations General Assembly; Farley Granger, the movie actor; Shivaram, the Hindu temple dancer; Billy Graham, evangelist; and Rudolf Bing, general manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

One evening she was scheduled to interview Biff Elliott, who played tough-guy detective Mike Hammer in a Mickey Spillane movie. Before the interview Elaine discovered that Elliott had

taken special lessons in the art of hitting a woman in order to perform his role. She decided on a gimmick to close the interview—she would ask him to demonstrate the art of socking a woman with her as the victim. But when the time came and she asked him, Elliott replied, "No—I won't hit you but I'll kiss you."

"No thanks," Elaine protested, leaning away from him. Elliott ignored this and continued the pursuit. The camera delicately swung away to catch Dick MacDougal, *Tabloid*'s master of ceremonies, gasping. He continued to stare a moment, collected himself and said to the camera, "Well!" and *Tabloid* rapidly signed off.

Later friends and fans phoned Elaine to ask what happened. "What do you think happened?" she retorted. Elliott had kissed her all right.

Another interview that got out of hand occurred on a *Living* show last summer when Elaine was talking to John Powers, head of the model agency. Elaine was in the process of introducing the agent in her easy, conversational style when he interrupted.

"May I say," he remarked smoothly, "how much I have enjoyed meeting you today."

Elaine smiled and blinked and went on with the introduction. Powers interrupted again.

"You are really lovely," he said. "You have a beautiful face but, what is more important, you have an inner beauty that is even better. It shines—"

"We are not going to talk about *me*," said Elaine hurriedly. "We're here to find out about *you*. Now just why are you in Toronto this week?"

Powers docilely gave up.

Elaine achieves an ultimate informality by delivering her ten-minute-or-so stint on *Living* without a script—a situation that would shorten the life expectancy of any but the coolest performer. She

Continued on page 36



The Queen's dressmaker, Norman Hartnell, was one of *Living*'s celebrities this year.

Movie star Farley Granger was an earlier guest—before Elaine's Italian haircut.

A YEAR AGO



the Woodses went on a budget

LOOK AT THEM NOW



Sidney Margolius (left) talks to the whole Woods family.

Chatelaine's expert showed them how to

- REDUCE THEIR DEBTS
- SET UP A RESERVE
- BUY FOR BEST VALUE
- FIND NEW SECURITY

BY SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

MOST OF US think of a budget the same way we think of a diet. We're quite willing to admit the budget would probably be very good for us and, like the diet, we must try one some day.

Well, the Woods family, of Windsor, has been living carefully, even strictly, on a family budget for the past year under the guidance of Chatelaine. In this final report on their progress it's pleasant to report they got along fine and feel they have found new values, new purpose and a new security through their experiment in planned living.

When Chatelaine sent me to meet the Woodses last year I went to their neat brick-faced house on Wyandotte Street in Riverside, near Windsor where Russell teaches school. I found Russell and his wife, Josephine, surrounded by the problems so familiar to young couples all over Canada. For the Woodses the job of establishing a home for themselves and their two small boys had been a rewarding but costly task.

They were \$1,280 in debt and they hadn't been able to finish the story-and-a-half house. After all, living costs had gone up fifteen percent since 1950 when they had bought the house. Russell was making \$4,450 a year as a music teacher in a Windsor public school, yet the knowledge

that this salary was above the average didn't seem to make it any easier to make ends meet.

When I first talked to them Russell and Joie Woods were a little baffled at their inability to get ahead of the game, a little frustrated because there were things they needed and could not buy, and a little impatient with themselves at their inability to work out their problems.

That was twelve months ago. Today the Woodses' debt has been reduced to \$300 and will be completely gone in four more months. Several basic living expenses have been trimmed once and for all through money-wise management methods I will give you. All fixed expenses are now met with cash on hand and no worrying, through a system of building up reserves ahead of time. Now that they are on sound financial footing, Joie and Russ are already finishing their expansion attic and buying new equipment. And they have the plan for doing it without going into debt again.

All this was accomplished despite the arrival last May of a baby, Timothy James. He was unbudgeted but no less a delight to his parents and big brothers, Mark and Roddy.

The principles put to work so well by the Woodses can help other families with a moderate income and a willingness to plan. I've had many letters from Chatelaine readers asking me to set up a budget for them. There have been too

many requests to answer them individually but I will show in this article how the Woodses' experience and budget can be adapted to your family situation.

But let us get back to the Woods family. I found the major difference not so much in their finances, which were undoubtedly more cheerful to contemplate, but in the two young people themselves. Before starting the budget experiment Joie and Russell had been unsure of themselves, confused as to how to buy, and getting into scrapes with installment merchants. All this left them wondering what they were doing wrong, why they were so heavily in debt.

A year later Joie said to me: "We have a secure feeling now, and more definite aims. Before, we knew what we wanted to do; now we know how to do it."

The change is symbolized for Joie by the coal bin. The system Chatelaine suggested sets aside money every month in advance for basic necessities. Then when the time comes to buy the coal or pay the insurance bill, the money is already there in its own bank account. Joie felt the first real difference last winter when she saw other people worrying about their coal, a ton at a time. "We had already put our winter's coal in and that

Continued on page 41

See Budget Chart on Page 42



*Young and old, everybody likes chicken—tenderly cooked
in a golden chicken broth with oodles of good egg noodles.*

So quick—so nutritious—so simply delicious!

Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup

Soup's on—Enjoy it any time!



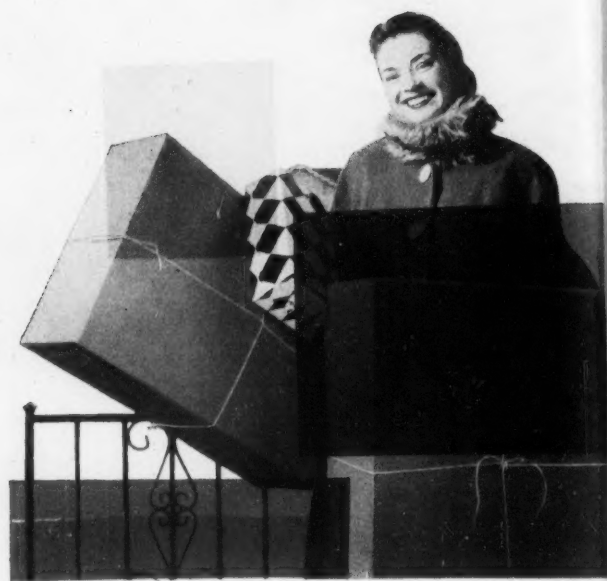


JOAN WAS ENCHANTED with this dress. She loved its color—a blaze of candy-pink stripes stroked with dark charcoal grey—and its fanned and fluted bodice.

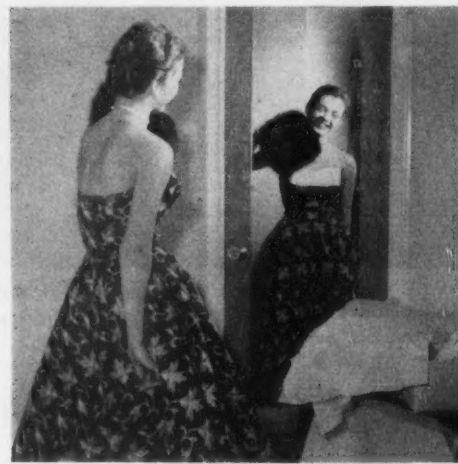
Dresses by Klover Klad, Jewelry by Coro.



JOAN SELECTS PEARLS to light up a black dress. The wool jersey bodice circles the throat, plunges briefly at the back; is laced with black taffeta and tied with a bow. The skirt is taffeta, breaks out from the hips.



THE STRIPED DRESS again—and almost stealing the picture is Gunner Carnegie, an irrepressible one-year-old.



SET FOR DANCING, an embroidered organdie dress, the bodice scooped out and filled with white organza tucks.

Joan shops for the Holiday Parties

Chatelaine's teen-ager models her favorites from the season's crop of party dresses—to wear now and all year long

ONCE AGAIN, it's December. And as the days draw in and the evenings lengthen, the air is filled with the first flurry of snow, the echo of a Christmas carol and a breathless excitement as the rush of the party season gets under way. But Joan Carnegie, like many others caught in the whirl and heady anticipation of a crowded Christmas calendar, had one small but insistent worry: the problem of what to wear.

So we whisked her off on a lightning tour of the stores and, with help from Joan mingled with much hilarity and friendly argument, gathered together this collection of dresses—any of which might fit easily into a crowded, party-going schedule, might be the answer to your own what-to-wear worry. Then we returned to Joan's home and, while the rest of the family cut string and shook out tissue paper (amid a mixed chorus of admiring "ohs" and "ahs"), Joan modeled the clothes for us.

With thoughts of fun, festivity and gala nights uppermost in our minds,

we naturally chose clothes keyed to a party mood. But these dresses need never see a moth ball or a storage chest. We're ready to wager they'll stay front row centre in Joan's (or your) closet for a full twelve months of the year. Take, for instance, the strapless, ballet-length frock in navy embroidered organdie. It will dance blithely through the after-dark hours from now until June, and back to December again. Or the grey flannel dress, perfect for winter and relaxing in the fireside glow. Come spring and a switch of accessories, it will take as easily to the outdoor world without aid of a coat. And then there's the pale brocade dress, slim and quietly elegant, and undeniably at ease at any cocktail party whether the temperature outside is soaring or sinking.

All add up to a sum total that might be the shining miracle of a teen-ager's dream-come-true—and what better way to match a mood that's tingling with fun and pure, joyous gaiety?

BY ROSEMARY BOXER • FASHION AND BEAUTY EDITOR



HER BEST BEAU—her father—dances with her. Likes this dress, too. It's taffeta, wide-skirted.



ALL THE CARNEGIES—Mother, Father, David and Joan. The dress is taffeta with cuffs of white filigree lace.



WHEN FRIENDS ARE EXPECTED, or for any big little-evening, you might wear this grey flannel dress—its neckline a slow curve, its skirt spreading almost a full circle and its bodice scattered lightly with rhinestones.



REFLECTING THE CANDLE GLOW, a dress of pale blue and pink brocade, newly narrow with a small chiffon scarf at the neck.

AFTER THAT BIG CHRISTMAS
DINNER YOUR WHOLE FAMILY
MAY SAY THEY NEVER WANT TO
EAT AGAIN. BUT THEY WILL.
PARTICULARLY ONE OF
THESE GAY HOLIDAY DISHES

All this and turkey, too

By CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Marie Holmes, Director

Frances Hucks

Carol Crealock

Jean Byers

Ellen Ingham



LOBSTER SNACK LOAF

CHRISTMAS KABOBS

FESTIVE FRUIT PUNCH

TURKEY and trimmings may be the highlight of Christmas dining, but there's a whole wonderful week afterward of parties and festivities. Guests in the house, the college crowd home—there's something gay going on all the time and the food must match the gaiety.

So here's our Christmas present for you—a tableful of ideas, wrapped up in the pages of *Chatelaine* and tied with our mutual interest in good Christmas eating.

LOBSTER SNACK LOAF is one of the Institute's favorite party dishes—maybe it will soon be one of yours. It's a French loaf hollowed out, then stuffed with a savory mixture—in this case, lobster. Here's a dish you can make hours ahead and the last-minute preparations take almost no time at all—just slice and garnish. New Year's Eve would be a good time to serve this, or after the Sunday-school Christmas pageant when you bring friends in for a late snack. You can serve it with just a hot drink and maybe a bowl of olives. But, of course, you may need more than one loaf.

CHRISTMAS KABOBS—the dish with the porcupine look—could be a bachelor girl's delight, or a bachelor man's, for that matter. Business people who entertain in small apartments love to develop a specialty and here's an idea that can become just that. In our recipe section we describe the kabobs pictured above and suggest other foods to be "speared." But the gourmet will have her own ideas and a fine time to try them is at a brunch party during Christmas week. This bachelor talk doesn't mean that plenty of other people wouldn't enjoy assembling kabobs. They're ideal for young marrieds who want to entertain the neighbors at Christmas breakfast, before going over to Mother's for turkey later.

Start with fruit—finger fruits from a big, flat bowl on the sideboard, or chilled juice in a frosty pitcher so guests can pour their own. Then bring on the kabobs—hot from the broiler. Have a pile of warm plates and plenty of paper napkins—to prevent scorched fingers. When the skewers have all been stripped, the Holiday Wreath, with red jam or a tart jelly, and a pot of steaming coffee round out a merry Christmas breakfast.



CHRISTMAS POUND CAKE

FRUIT, CHEESE, NUTS

HOLIDAY WREATH

PARTY CAKES

TURKEY PILAU

FESTIVE FRUIT PUNCH. The fat white mugs filled with hot spicy punch might have been set out for Santa. At any rate his helpers around the Christmas tree will soon empty them. The muddlers are striped candy sticks. Sure, they'll melt and you'll get your hands sticky. But there are lots of gay Christmas napkins around, so who cares. You might serve this fragrant drink with the Snack Loaf or with the Holiday Wreath. If the occasion is a bit more formal and you don't want your guests to have sticky fingers, serve the brew in glasses with cinnamon sticks for stirring, and pass the Christmas Pound Cake or an assortment of Party Cakes like those above.

CHRISTMAS POUND CAKE. This is the pound cake we suggest you pass with the punch. Or serve it with a light dessert for the evening meal on Christmas Day. Better still, make it the festive touch at Sunday supper, when Christmas is over but the memory lingers on.

This is really a cake! We made it several times and one of those times we added sliced preserved ginger. Our recipe doesn't include this little luxury, but if you're a ginger fan, add it by all means—it's the gourmet touch. If you serve the cake for a crowd, swathe it in fluffy icing. But if you want to keep some for New Year's, don't ice it. Just sprinkle sugar over the top when you take the cake from the oven and decorate with candied fruits. Store any that's left in a covered container or aluminum foil.

FRUIT, CHEESE, NUTS. Bring out your biggest bowl or prettiest platter and serve fresh fruits, shell nuts and mellow cheese at every holiday party. Grapes are at their best; apples are crisp and Christmas red; and you can add the gold of oranges and bananas and the nuts you like best. Cut a star from the red rind of a round cheese, or arrange a cheese assortment in a star pattern on a red plate or in a wreath of holly. And somewhere nearby set out fruit knives, nut crackers and biscuits.

HOLIDAY WREATH. Under a thin coating of icing, with its garland of candied citron peel and cherries, is a rich, tender, fruited yeast bread that melts in your mouth. Here is a holiday treat that good cooks love to make. And there's something mighty nostalgic in the smell of the fresh bread

baking that brings back the warmth and joyousness of an old-time Christmas.

We've suggested this wreath for a breakfast party or to eat while you sip hot punch. It's wonderful for afternoon callers too, and if there's any left, Dad and the teen-agers will likely finish it before they go to bed.

PARTY CAKES. Framed by our pine-bough *décor* is a handsome tree-shaped server with an assortment of the small cakes that are part and parcel of all Christmas entertaining. Shortbreads, macaroons, almond crescents, fruit drops, nut wafers—dozens of little rich bites and everyone has her collection of favorite recipes. We haven't included directions for these this time, but we do have a recipe for a luscious Caramel Bun, similar to those on the lowest layer of the tree dish. Dip the caramel tops in toasted coconut, or leave the coconut white and have snowballs.

TURKEY PILAU. Here's an adaptation of a Middle Eastern dish that makes the second entrance of the Christmas turkey as exciting as the first. It's as festive too—complete with a wreath of green, a garnish in holiday colors, and handfuls of crunchy cashew nuts.

If you were invited out for Christmas dinner and there's no turkey in the house, it's worth buying a chicken—which will make an equally good pilau—and having a supper party. Start with a cup of consommé and crisp crackers, then the pilau with hot, spicy tomato sauce and thin buttered slices of whole-wheat bread. For dessert make Spumoni (featured in October Chatelaine) and serve pound cake or shortbread with it. Then coffee and fruit or cheese or both.

So here is our present for you, sealed with our best Christmas wishes!

ALL CHRISTMAS RECIPES on page 30

HOW TO TRUSS A TURKEY page 32

HOW TO MAKE GIBLET GRAVY page 34

NEW

Sunbeam

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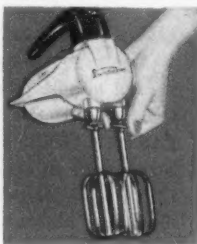


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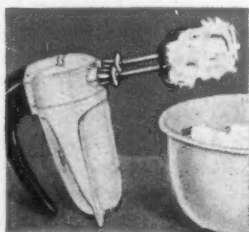
BIGGER BEATERS—Greater mixing surface of these scientifically designed Full Mix beaters gives greater volume in less time than any other junior mixer. An exclusive Mixmaster Junior advantage.



THUMB-TIP CONTROL IN HANDLE—Correct mixing speed "right under the thumb". Easy-to-see, easy-to-set for Beating, Stirring, Blending, Whipping, Mixing and Folding.

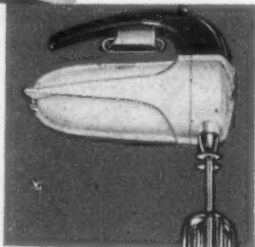


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Another quality product by Sunbeam—the new Sunbeam Mixmaster Junior. Just as the famous standard Sunbeam Mixmaster is completely outstanding among regular-size food mixers, the new Sunbeam Mixmaster Junior is completely outstanding in the junior mixer field. Gives you more advantages than any other junior mixer with features that save time and arm-work. So be sure your junior food mixer is a Sunbeam Mixmaster Junior, and you'll be sure to get ALL the time and labor-saving of a junior food mixer. See your Sunbeam dealer.

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Famous for Sunbeam TOASTER, IRONMASTER, COFFEEMASTER, SHAVEMASTER, etc.

All this
and Turkey too

continued from previous page

R E C I P E S

LOBSTER SNACK LOAF

2 teaspoons gelatine
½ cup cold water
¼ cup mayonnaise
or salad dressing
1 can (6 oz.)
lobster (flaked)
2 tablespoons
chopped parsley
½ cup finely minced
celery
½ cup grated raw
carrot
1 tablespoon lemon
juice
¼ teaspoon paprika
Salt and pepper to
taste
Red food coloring
(optional)
1 loaf French bread

Soften gelatine in cold water, place over hot water until dissolved. Combine with the mayonnaise or salad dressing, add flaked lobster, prepared vegetables, lemon juice and seasonings. If a deeper color is desired, add a few drops of red food coloring. Chill until partially thickened. Cut one end from the French loaf and remove the soft centre leaving a ½- to ¾-inch casing. Fill the loaf with the partially thickened lobster mixture, packing in closely with a long knife. Replace the end and fasten with toothpicks. Wrap in waxed paper and let stand in refrigerator overnight. Just before serving, cut in ½-inch slices, almost through the loaf. Between the bread slices put tomato and unpeeled cucumber slices and garnish the serving plate with crisp celery.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

CHRISTMAS KABOBS

You can buy barbecue skewers like the ones shown in the picture on the previous page, or you might use long steel knitting needles if you have enough on hand. Arrange pre-cooked foods on each skewer with an eye for color contrasts. We used: drained maraschino cherry, pickled cucumber chunk, section of drained pineapple spear, cube of cooked ham, pre-cooked mushroom cap, pineapple, ham, pickled onion, cucumber, cherry. Place skewers on rack in broiler pan and broil about 10 minutes, turning skewers two or three times until food is piping hot.

You can use almost any kind of pre-cooked meat including canned luncheon meat, cut frankfurters, bacon, salami. Alternate with firm tomato sections, thick onion slices, pieces of raw apple, half peaches, stuffed olives or dills. Serve as shown, radiating from a large grapefruit—or use a hard cabbage-head, red or green. Stick smaller kabobs in large red apples.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

FESTIVE FRUIT PUNCH

¼ cup brown sugar
1 cup water
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon
cinnamon
¼ teaspoon allspice
12 whole cloves
¾ cups cranberry
sauce or 2 (1-lb.)
cans sauce
3 cups water
¾ cups pineapple
juice
3 tablespoons butter
or margarine

Combine sugar, 1 cup water, salt and

spices. Heat to boiling point. Add cranberry sauce, remaining water and pineapple juice. Heat just to simmer stage and press through a sieve. Add butter or margarine just before serving. Serve hot, in mugs with cinnamon candy-stick muddlers. Makes approximately 24 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

CHRISTMAS POUND CAKE

2 cups soft butter or
margarine
2 cups sugar
1 teaspoon grated
lemon rind
2 tablespoons lemon
juice
8 large eggs
¾ cups sifted all-
purpose flour
½ teaspoon baking
powder
¼ cup all-purpose
flour
2 cups slivered red
and green glace fruit
1 cup slivered,
blanched almonds

Cream butter thoroughly. Gradually beat in sugar; allow about 10 minutes to add total amount. Beat in lemon rind and juice. Beat eggs in well, one at a time. Sift in ¾ cups flour and baking powder and beat only until batter is smooth. Combine ¼ cup flour with fruit and nuts. Fold in. Pour into lightly greased and floured 9-inch tube pan. Bake at 300 deg. F. for 85 to 95 minutes; turn off oven and leave cake in for 10 minutes longer. Top with 7-Minute Frosting if cake is to be eaten immediately, otherwise leave plain. Will keep well for 2 weeks.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

HOLIDAY WREATH

1 package roll mix
½ cup raisins
¼ cup finely chopped
red glace cherries
¼ cup finely chopped
green glace cherries
¼ cup cut mixed peel
½ cup blanched
slivered almonds
1 tablespoon grated
lemon rind
¼ teaspoon nutmeg

Prepare yeast and add with liquid to dry ingredients of roll mix as directed on package. Add fruit, nuts, lemon rind, spice and mix well. Cover dough and set to rise in a warm place (85 deg. F.) until double in bulk (45 to 60 minutes). Punch dough down and roll into a circle ½ inch thick on a floured board. Pull dough away from centre to make a large doughnut shape. Place on a baking sheet and put a small ovenproof bowl in the centre hole to retain shape. Cover and let rise until double in bulk (20 to 30 minutes) in a warm place (85 deg. F.). Bake in moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) for 30 to 40 minutes or until golden brown.

To decorate: Drizzle a medium-thin icing (icing sugar and milk) over the wreath. Before the icing hardens, decorate with glacé cherries and strips of citron to simulate a Christmas wreath. Serve bread centred with a bowl of red jelly. Serves 12 to 14.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

CARAMEL BUTTER BUNS

$4\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 cup water
1 teaspoon sugar
1 package dry yeast
1 teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft butter
4 eggs, well beaten

Sift flour into large bowl. Make well in centre. Heat water to lukewarm. To $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of this lukewarm water add 1 teaspoon sugar, and dry yeast. Let stand 15 minutes. To remaining $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm water, add salt, sugar, soft butter and beaten eggs. Add yeast mixture, stir well. Pour liquid into centre of flour. Stir until liquid disappears. Mix dough in bowl with hand using swinging rotary motion. Form into ball; place in greased bowl. Brush top with melted butter. Cover with waxed paper and tight fitting lid or piece of aluminum foil. Allow dough to rise for 2 hours at 75 to 85 deg. F. or until doubled in bulk. Then punch down several times. Remove to greased bakeboard and roll into cylinder shape, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. With greased knife or scissors cut into 36 pieces of uniform size. Roll pieces of dough into balls under palm of hand, pressing gently. Dough may require light dusting with flour before rolling. Grease two 8x8x2-inch cake pans. Brush melted butter on sides of buns so they will separate when baked and place in greased pans. Cover buns with waxed paper and damp tea towel. Let rise at 75 to 85 deg. F. until double in bulk (about 1 hour). When risen, bake buns at 350 deg. F. about 20 minutes or until golden brown. Turn out on rack; ice. Separate when serving. The dough may be refrigerated before the first rising. It will keep up to one week.

Caramel Bun Icing

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup icing sugar
3 tablespoons cream

Combine sugar, butter and water in saucepan. Boil for 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Slowly beat in icing sugar. Thin to spreading consistency with cream. Immediately ice warm buns. Makes 3 dozen.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

TURKEY PILAU

9 cups cooked rice
4 cups diced cooked turkey
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups seedless raisins
Sliced cooked turkey
Pimento strips
1 cup cashew nuts
Green pepper strips
Parsley

Combine fluffy cooked rice with diced turkey and raisins. Place in large covered roaster. Heat in slow oven 300 deg. F. for 30 to 40 minutes. Pile on hot platter. Arrange long strips of light and dark turkey meat around mound of rice. Make a circle of pimento strips on top and fill with chopped cashews. Garnish sides with strips of green pepper and form a border around platter with sprigs of parsley. Serve with a bowl of spicy tomato sauce. Serves 12.

Spicy Tomato Sauce

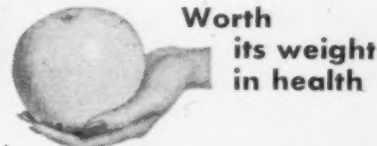
Combine 2 cans condensed tomato soup with 2 cups chili sauce in top of double boiler. Heat over boiling water. Add 1 to 3 teaspoons chili powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water. Cook 5 minutes longer. Note: Chicken pilau can be made by substituting cooked chicken for the turkey in the above recipe. *

Approved by Chatelaine Institute



If overweight you would avert
Here's how to order for dessert...

have grapefruit instead



Worth
its weight
in health

Here is what you get from Florida sun-ripened grapefruit:

Lively tang that perks you up at first taste.

Vitamins—lots of them. Grapefruit's an excellent source of "C"—the buoyant-health vitamin your system can't store and needs most every day.

Calories? Precious few... so few you can forget weight-worries and enjoy yourself.

Have grapefruit instead. A fresh-cut half from the new crop. Or luscious sections—ready-prepared in cans. Or grapefruit juice—canned or frozen.

Florida Citrus Commission, Lakeland, Florida

FLORIDA Grapefruit



Some of the best fruit have seeds. They flick out easily with a fork.



Thirsty? Have grapefruit juice. Keep cans chilled, ready to pour.



Low-calorie salads are a cinch with canned grapefruit sections.

Christmas breakfast in a boot



Christmas morning... gleeful children, bright glitter of gifts, pungent odor of pine, and mother cheerfully fighting a losing battle to steer the family away from the tree and into breakfast. Try new tactics this year. Serve them Christmas breakfast in a boot. They'll surrender gladly. Make Christmas boots eight to ten inches high from felt, red gauze or crepe paper, or use the children's own stockings. You can put an almost complete breakfast into each one—and you can do it Christmas Eve. Use your imagination to get variety and fun into the boots. We started off with a large juicy orange, then a small box of cereal, a bran muffin (already buttered and wrapped), a gay package of raisins, nuts (no candy—they will eat enough of that anyway), and an envelope of hot chocolate to be mixed with milk when wanted. Top each boot with a special gift—an imported cigar for Dad, a puzzle or toy car for Junior. And for you? Less last-minute work, less clean-up, a chance to enjoy Christmas morning, too!



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Duplex Fabric
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everywhere

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Write for full-colour leaflet and name of nearest dealer to Parsons-Steiner Limited, Sole Canadian Agents, Dept. A, 55 Wellington St. West, Toronto, Ont.

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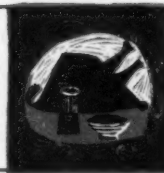
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TIPS FOR CHRISTMAS COOKS



HOW TO *Truss a Turkey*

Christmas means turkey and every year there's the problem of getting the lordly bird ready to roast. Try Chatelaine Institute's easy one-string method of lacing and trussing



Wash bird inside and dry thoroughly. Allow one cup of stuffing for each pound of turkey. Save enough dressing (1½ to 2 cups) for neck; then stuff body until sides are rounded.



Draw skin together with small skewers. Lace with heavy cord (2 to 3 yards). Loop cord around leg ends, pull together and tie around tail; leave ends free. Turn bird breast down.



Stuff neck end of bird until firmly rounded. Draw the skin flap over the back and fasten with a long skewer. There are special skewers just for poultry trussing available now.



Cross cord on turkey's back, then pass it around the wings, underneath bird, and back up around neck end. Tie cord in a bow around skewer at neck for easy removal after cooking.

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with Exclusive **HALOLIGHT**



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Model 526



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John F. Webb, M.D.

*

President, American Optometric Association

HALOLIGHT is a translucent frame of fluorescent light surrounding the television picture. **HALOLIGHT** reduces harsh contrast between the bright screen and the outer darkness. Thus viewing is far more restful. Here is truly scientific eye comfort and *only SYLVANIA has it.*



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Sylvania offers the most powerful chassis in TV—unmatched for performance in picture reproduction of local and

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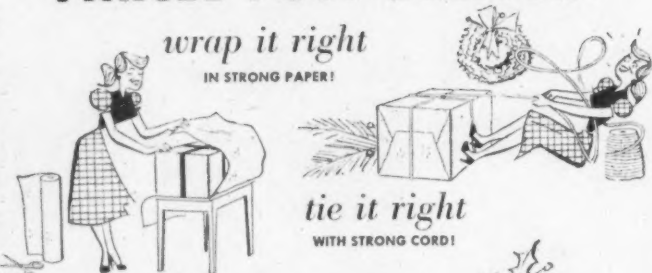
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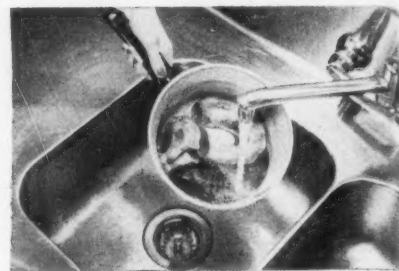
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TIPS FOR CHRISTMAS COOKS

HOW TO MAKE *Giblet Gravy*

Don't throw away those giblets! Instead chop them up for Chatelaine Institute's Christmas gravy. And if you want a smooth gravy, save the cooked giblets for curried stew.



Remove arteries, veins, fat, and inner sac of gizzard from giblets. Wash in cold salted water. Simmer neck and giblets in water to cover, two to three hours, or until tender.



Remove cooked turkey from roast pan to be carved or kept hot on platter in oven. Pour off liquid fat from pan. Return 5 tablespoons of the fat to pan. Place over medium heat.



Blend 5 tablespoons of flour with the fat in roast pan. Cook, stirring constantly, for two minutes. Slowly add 3 cups of the giblet stock, stirring until smooth and thickened.



Season gravy to taste with salt and pepper. Chop cooked giblets and add to thickened gravy. If desired, giblets may be omitted and the gravy served plain. Yield: three cups.

NEW! Bissell Sweepmaster



It sweeps its full width!

...with a full-width-sweeper brush, wide as its compact case, it cleans right to walls. Gets under furniture, too. Adjusts to thick or thin carpets.



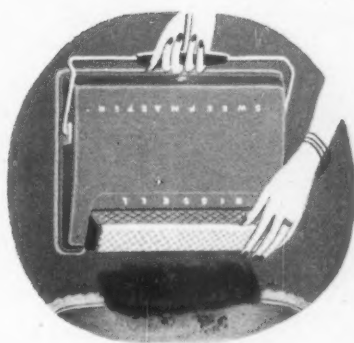
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...stands up against wall
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It's light and easy to handle

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a new kind of cleaner...
cleans
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Modern, streamlined, a completely new design, the new Bissell Sweepmaster gives you fast, easy, thorough cleaning... right to walls and under furniture. It's always ready to use... without cords, connections or attachments. It's a **NEW KIND OF CLEANER** that saves time... saves work... saves rugs. Choose for yourself and for gifts from smart new shades of Inca Green, Aztec Copper, Navajo Blue, Smoke Gray.

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Bissell Sweepers

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO. of Canada, Limited
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Outlining upper lid

3 quick tricks to eye beauty

① With Maybelline soft Eyebrow Pencil, draw narrow line across upper eyelids, at base of lashes, adding short up-stroke at outer corner. Soften line with fingertip.



Accenting eyebrows

② Next, use short, light upward strokes of the Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, to form beautiful, expressive brows. Taper lightly at outer end. Soften effect with fingertip.

③ Apply smooth Maybelline Mascara from base to tips of lashes, brushing upward. (Hold a few seconds to set "up-swoop.") For an extra touch of mysterious eye beauty blend a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow on upper lid.

The world's smartest women depend on Maybelline soft eye make-up for heart-stirring beauty. Today, let Maybelline magic bring out the unsuspected loveliness of your eyes!



Mascara (plus Eye Shadow)



Maybelline



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IRISH LINEN

... and because of this lasting beauty, Irish Linen will still be in proud use — still luxurious to look at and to touch — years, even generations from now.

Choose your Irish Linen gifts from the wide selection now being shown in your nearby dry goods or department store.

THE IRISH LINEN ASSOCIATION OF CANADA

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TV HOSTESS Continued from page 23

blocks out approximately what she is going to say during rehearsals and trusts that the actual show will closely resemble the rehearsal.

Her trust frequently is misplaced. Living is a potpourri of advice to parents, marriage counseling, fashion shows, shopping hints, demonstrations of cooking, growing roses, papering a ceiling and the art of throwing a stag party. Despite the vigilance of the studio director, who uses hand signals to indicate to each performer exactly how long he should talk, queer mishaps occur. Sometimes a tautly nervous guest ignores all signals and hurtles himself through his material to finish, gasping, a minute too soon. Once Elaine Grand was wishing Living's audience a cheery good night, accompanied by a stuffed monkey from the collection of toys that had appeared on the show. Just as she thought the show was finished, she noticed with horror the studio director signaling her to talk a full minute more. She gravely spent the next minute coaxing the monkey to wave good-bye.

Elaine is one of a new breed of entertainers spawned by television's uncomfortable knack of seeing into the personalities of people who face it. For roles as moderators, masters of ceremonies and panelists, the new medium holds naturalness more important than a decade of experience before footlights and microphones.

Elaine, however, can't quite fill the description of amateur. As a child in Winnipeg she was both a radio and stage actress, an experience that undoubtedly contributed to her poise.

It's a poise that is rare. When television began in Canada more than two years ago, professional singers, actors, dancers and announcers hustled before the cameras, elated at the prospect of the fattest fees in the home-grown entertainment business. They soon discovered why the fees are fat: television appearances invoke a new dimension of terror, a greenly nauseous compound of stage, mike and camera fright.

Even hearty egos wilted in the hot lights and left their owners nakedly nervous; ingenues appeared dimwitted; happy clowns emerged as cute pains in the neck. Harried television producers suddenly found the talent they needed in people who rarely wore greasepaint.

Elaine's first try-out for TV was with her late husband, Solomon Grand, a sociologist and charity fund raiser. These were the embryo days of June 1952 before programs were being shown to the public. A friend, Ross McLean, one of television's first producers, asked the Grands to test for a proposed quiz show and a Mr.-and-Mrs. show. He also tried Elaine alone on other shows.

None of them worked out and when television finally made its nervous bow to the public neither of the Grands was in evidence at all. During the first winter Elaine made two guest appearances on Court of Opinion, looked lovely and sounded coherent. "I didn't fall off my chair," she commented later, "I was a hit!"

Ross McLean started producing the news-feature program Tabloid in the late winter of 1953 and he sometimes needed a woman interviewer. He studiously avoided trying Elaine for weeks

until, in March, he hired her to interview two children. One was a crippled boy who was that year's Timmy for the Easter Seal campaign; the other a former Timmy who was almost cured. Elaine's fine and sensitive interview remains one of the better items Tabloid has had.

After that she joined the show's regulars, Dick MacDougal, Percy Saltzman and Gil Christie, two or three times a week, and she is now considered by many authorities to be among television's best interviewers. Ross McLean claims she is the best in North America. "She has a special quality," he explains. "She is genuinely interested in what her guest is saying and she is really listening."

The people Elaine interviews are selected for her by the show's producer. On Living she has several hours to chat with them before showtime, thawing them with her charm if they show symptoms of strain and blocking out the questions and answers to be exchanged. She prudently makes a mental note of a spare question or two, in case the guest tightens up on the actual show and shortens his answers.

Elaine finds most people easy to interview. They are chosen because of their special interest in some event or profession and Elaine keeps the interview on the firm ground of the subject's knowledge. Occasionally she gets an arrogant and infuriating personality. In such cases Elaine usually keeps her temper and her good manners. There have been two exceptions, one an interview with a woman which turned into a narrow-eyed battle of interruptions and strident tones, and another with an American millionaire whom Elaine obviously disliked.

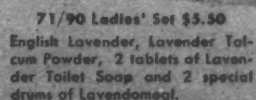
Elaine's favorite interviews are with children. "They are delightful. They don't know enough to hide any part of their personalities and they just go ahead and reveal themselves," she says. Tabloid's producers noticed that Elaine had a sure hand with "little people," immigrants just learning the language, hopeful young artists and old people. Though her interviews with celebrities are skilful, her talks with less important people are considered her best.

Elaine's working day starts at three in the afternoon and ends at eight, a shift that might sound entrancing to people who haven't been through the wringer of television. Usually she finds out the night before who will be appearing on Living. Sometimes she doesn't know until she arrives at the studio in mid-afternoon and picks up the script.

Her script, drafted by Ross McLean, producer and originator of the show, is merely an outline of the order in which the items will appear, the introduction required and the closing. Elaine finds such headings as "Grand: Introduces Laycock and Topic; Laycock: Chats informally about lying; Grand: Wraps up Laycock for the moment." These tight instructions, when treated by Elaine, open out into an intelligent and helpful discussion with Dr. S. R. Laycock, a psychologist, on the problem of children who tell lies.

Elaine's studio personality, right up until the red light over the camera lens indicates that she is on, is easy and carefree. She loves her environment, the expensive, amazing equipment, the excitement that builds up before a show and the flatness of the letdown afterward, the wisecracks of the cameramen, the expressions like, "She's the

t up
lens
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Only Kraft's Miracle Whip
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You open up a whole new world of enjoyment when you cook with Miracle Whip Salad Dressing. The flavor that makes it the best-liked of all salad dressings does just as wonderful things for meats, seafoods, casseroles, vegetables, sauces. After all, Miracle Whip contains essential ingredients like eggs, oils, seasonings—blended in just the right proportions. So cooking with Miracle Whip saves you both time and money.

And it's all so easy. Just try these recipes, and see!

DEVILLED SEAFOOD SPECIAL

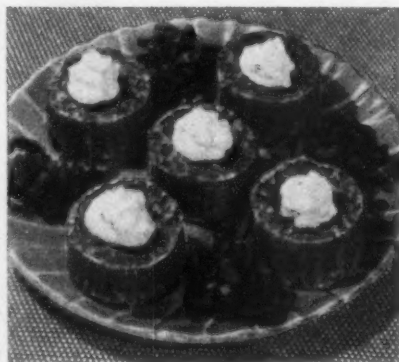
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|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 7-oz. can tuna, flaked | 1/8 tsp. pepper |
| 1 7-oz. can shrimp | 1 cup Miracle Whip |
| 1/2 cup chopped green pepper | Salad Dressing |
| 1 cup finely chopped celery | 1 cup soft bread crumbs |
| 1 tsp. finely chopped onion | 2 tbsp. melted butter |
| 1 tsp. dry mustard | or Parkay Margarine |
| 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce | Lemon Wedges |
| 1/2 tsp. salt | Parsley |

Combine tuna, shrimp, green pepper, celery, onion, mustard, Worcestershire sauce, seasonings and Miracle Whip. Toss to blend well. Place in 4 individual ramekins. Sprinkle with the crumbs, which have been tossed in butter or margarine; bake in moderate oven, 350°, 30 minutes. Garnish with lemon wedges and parsley. 4 servings.

REGAL STUFFED PEPPERS

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------|
| 6 green peppers | Salt |
| 1 1/2 cups cooked shrimp | Pepper |
| 3 cups cooked rice | Paprika |
| 1 cup Miracle Whip | 1 10 1/2-oz. can |
| Salad Dressing | condensed tomato |
| 2 tbsp. chopped onion | soup |
| | 1/2 cup water |

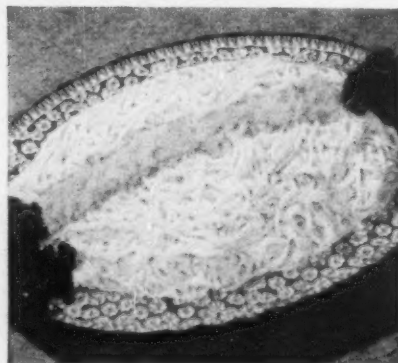
Remove tops and seeds from peppers; par-boil 5 minutes; drain. If shrimp are large, cut in small pieces. Combine with rice, Miracle Whip, onion. Add salt, pepper. Fill green peppers with this mixture; sprinkle with paprika. Place upright in baking dish. Dilute tomato soup with water, heat, and pour around peppers. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 30 minutes.



SICILIAN SPAGHETTI

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------|
| 1 1-lb. pkg. long spaghetti, cooked and drained | 1/2 cup Miracle Whip |
| Kraft Grated Parmesan Cheese | Dash of freshly ground pepper |
| | Dash of garlic salt |
| | Parsley |

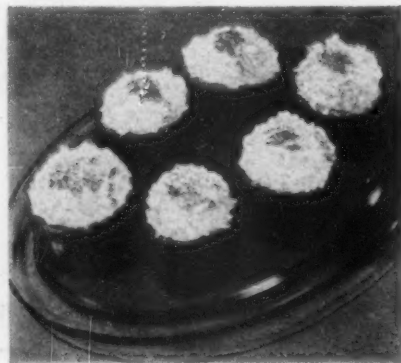
Toss the hot spaghetti with the Miracle Whip Salad Dressing, one cup of cheese, pepper and garlic salt in a saucepan. Heat slowly for about 5 minutes. Arrange on a large serving platter, and garnish with parsley. Sprinkle with additional cheese. 6 to 8 servings. When your folks comment on this wonderful dish... you'll know the secret is Miracle Whip!



CORNED BEEF HASH SLICES with Miracle Whip Topping

- Canned corned beef hash
Miracle Whip Salad Dressing
Watercress

Remove hash from the can in one piece. Slice crosswise and broil on both sides. Top each slice with Miracle Whip and garnish with watercress. Remember, it's the flavor of Miracle Whip Salad Dressing that makes recipes like this so delightful. You won't get the same results with anything else in the world!



greatest." "Hiya, doll," "You aren't with it," and "Wha-a-ah!" that are a transient part of conversation around the sets.

She has made her peace with the monster fear of making a mistake that causes so many performers to tremble visibly in front of a camera. She has even overcome any justifiable nervousness that the ponderous television machinery might maim her, although she was the near-victim of one fortunately rare sort of studio incident. A runaway boom microphone, weighing hundreds of pounds, came straight at her during an afternoon rehearsal and Elaine was so astonished she couldn't move. A technician pushed her out of the way instantly before the boom glided past where she had been standing and smashed to pieces the set behind her.

Another great hazard to the nerves of uncertain television performers is the merciless quips of the men behind the cameras.

Kibitzers are a peculiar byproduct of the young, zany world of television. Producers, many of them brilliant enthusiasts in their twenties, strive manfully to strike the right note of boredom and cynicism. Downy-checked sound technicians, attuned to Bach and Schoenberg, are left cold by mortal music. The stagehands, an elegant, bearded, bare-chested crew, quite commonly are Ph.D.s planning a leave of absence to make a lecture tour. Composed by their intelligence, they are readily embittered by light-thinking celebrities.

Elaine is unscathed and even respected by such critics because she has serene good nature, quick intelligence and a generous amount of integrity. Her honest enthusiasm once sent her chasing a block after an acquaintance who had just finished an audition. "I hear you were great," she gasped, "and I've looked for you all over so I could tell you. You were so good I may even hate you." In a profession not particularly noted for its congeniality, Elaine Grand is downright popular.

A half hour before the dress rehearsal Elaine begins putting on the yellow-tinged pancake make-up required by television cameras. She belongs to the group of human faces which appear even better on a screen than they do in real life.

Irene Kent, who heads CBC television's make-up department, explains it this way. "Television wipes out the color advantage some women have. The striking brunette, with warmly glowing skin and startling blue eyes, starts even with the mousey woman in the corner whose coloring is sallow. In front of a camera all that matters is bone structure and the shape of the eyes."

This is not to imply that Elaine Grand is plain; she is extraordinarily pretty normally and really beautiful on television. Her large eyes, neither too light nor too dark, her heavy eyebrows and well-shaped mouth all give her an advantage before the camera.

The clothes that Elaine wears on television are rarely her own. They are lent her by a dress shop in return for an occasional credit. Because television cameras are pained by either black or white, they are mostly pastels. Recently Elaine bought herself a splashy black-and-white print dress. "That's the height of luxury," she sighed, "to buy a dress that won't televize."

Elaine's more observant fans have

Chatelaine Meals of the Month

December

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER		BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
WED 1	Grapefruit Juice Hot Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Creamed Eggs on Toast Celery Curls Canned Berries Milk Cake Tea	Pork Chops Apple Rings Mashed Potatoes Cabbage Bananas in Lemon Jelly Custard Sauce Coffee Tea	MON 20	Stewed Apricots Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee Cheese Cocoa	Scrambled Eggs on Toast Vanilla Ice Cream Maple Syrup Milk Tea	Lamb Stew with Vegetables Lettuce French Dressing Rennet Dessert with Jam Coffee Tea
THU 2	Prunes with Lemon Prepared Cereal Muffins Coffee Honey Cocoa	Potato and Onion Soup Crackers Half Grapefruit Milk Cheese Tea	Beef and Kidney Stew Savory Rice Buttered Carrots Deep Apple Pie Coffee Tea	TUE 21	Grape Juice with Lemon Toast Coffee Bacon Marmalade Cocoa	Italian Spaghetti Relishes Baked Apples Milk Cream Tea	Liver and Onions Creamed Potatoes Corn Steamed Date Pudding Caramel Sauce Coffee Tea
FRI 3	Orange Sections Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee Conservé Cocoa	Fried Egg Sandwiches Mixed Pickles Jam Tarts Milk Tea	Oven-fried Fish Steaks Creamed Potatoes Peas Prune Whip Coffee Tea	WED 22	Grapefruit Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Grilled Cheese Sandwiches Dill Pickles Sliced Bananas Milk Cookies Tea	Meat Loaf Baked Potatoes Turnips Apricot Tapioca Pudding Coffee Tea
SAT 4	Tomato Juice Bread and Hot Milk Toasted Rolls Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Sliced Bologna Pickle Relish Lyonnais Potatoes Winter Pear Compôte Milk Tea	Spaghetti and Meat Balls Lettuce Wedges Dressing Gingerbread Hard Sauce Coffee Tea	THU 23	Apples French Toast Toast Coffee Syrup Cocoa	Cold Meat Loaf Chili Sauce Pan-fried Potatoes Raspberries Oatmeal Drops Milk Tea	Breaded Veal Cutlet Mashed Potatoes Carrots Baked Coconut Custard Coffee Tea
SUN 5	Half Grapefruit Bacon and Eggs Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Oyster Stew Crackers Jellied Fruit Salad Frosted Gingerbread Milk Tea	Rib Roast of Beef Pan-roasted Potatoes Glazed Parsnips Ice Cream Coffee Cookies Tea	FRI 24	Tomato Juice Ready-to-eat Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Salmon Salad Brown Rolls Stewed Prunes with Lemon Milk Tea	Vegetable Plate (Baked stuffed onions, broccoli, creamed celery, buttered beets) Chocolate Pie
MON 6	Orange Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Baked Beans Brown Bread Apricots Milk Wafers Tea	Vegetable Soup Cold Roast Beef Fried Potatoes with Onion Mashed Turnips Creamy Rice Pudding	SAT 25	Christmas Day Grapefruit with Cherry Kabobs Toasted Rolls Coffee Cocoa	Hot Bouillon Assorted Sandwiches Relishes Mince Tarts Hard Sauce Milk Tea	Spiced Apple Juice Roast Turkey Cranberries Squash Riced Potatoes Peas Vegetable Salad Molds Christmas Pudding Sauce*
TUE 7	Applesauce Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Hot Beef Sandwiches Green Salad Lemon Snow Milk Tea	Salmon Scallop Baked Potatoes Spinach Cottage Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea	SUN 26	Fresh Fruit Bowl Poached Eggs Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	(Buffet Supper) Turkey Pilau Tossed Green Salad Spumoni (Or Chatelaine) Christmas Poundcake*	Sweetbreads and Bacon Whipped Potatoes Beans Lemon Snow Coffee Tea
WED 8	Blended Vegetable Juices Rolled Oats Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Baked Pepper Squash filled with Peas Canned Plums Iced Cake (leftover cottage pudding)	Liver and Bacon Mashed Potatoes Creamed Celery Apricot Whip Coffee Tea	MON 27	Orange Juice Oatmeal Porridge Toast Coffee Honey Cocoa	Corn Chowder Crackers Bran Muffins Cream Cheese Milk Jam Tea	Turkey-bone Soup Baked Glazed Luncheon Meat Scalloped Potatoes Cabbage Baked Apples with Raisins Coffee Tea
THU 9	Orange Halves Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Sliced Luncheon Meat Potato Salad Caramel Cup Custards Milk Cookies Tea	Grilled Lamb Chops Lima Beans Harvard Beets Boiled Rice with Syrup Coffee Tea	TUE 28	Mixed Vegetable Juices Cereal Toasted Muffins Jam Coffee Cocoa	Parsley Omelet Toast Whipped Cherry Jelly with Cream Milk Tea	Pot Roast of Beef Boiled Potatoes Parsnips Fruit Cup Poundcake Coffee Tea
FRI 10	Prepared Cereal with Sliced Bananas Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Cream of Tomato Soup Carrot and Raisin Salad Chelsea Buns Cream Cheese Milk Tea	Steamed Cod Egg and Almond Sauce Parsley Potatoes Cole Slaw Cherry Pie Coffee Tea	WED 29	Orange Sections Bacon Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Savory Baked Beans Raw Relishes Ice Cream Caramel Sauce Milk Tea	Cold Pot Roast Fried Potatoes Creamed Onions Peach Shortcake Coffee Tea
SAT 11	Half Grapefruit Parsley Omelet Toast Coffee Cocoa Jelly	Hot Sausage Rolls Chili Sauce Lime Sherbet Macaronis Milk Tea	Swiss Steak Riced Potatoes Carrots Cupcakes Chocolate Sauce Coffee Tea	THU 30	Grape Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee Conservé Cocoa	Shepherd's Pie Ketchup Sliced Oranges with Coconut Milk Tea	Baked Sausages Sweet Potatoes Spinach Rice and Raisin Pudding Coffee Tea
SUN 12	Orange and Grapefruit Juice Waffles Bacon Coffee Syrup Cocoa	Cheese Soufflé Relishes Spiced Apple Compôte Frosted Cupcakes Milk Tea	Dressed Spaghetti Scalloped Potatoes Green Beans Blanc Manger Fruit Sauce Coffee Tea	FRI 31	Blended Fruit Juices Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Scotch Broth Apple and Celery Salad Cranberry Tarts Milk Tea	Fried Oysters Tartare Sauce Potato Chips Scalloped Tomatoes Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Coffee Tea
MON 13	Tomato Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Tuna Fish Sandwiches Raw Carrot Curls Stewed Figs Fresh Jelly Roll Milk Tea	Minced Beef Patties French Fried Potatoes Creamed Onions Sliced Oranges and Bananas Coffee Tea				
TUE 14	Stewed Figs with Lemon Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Cocoa	Baked Corn Pudding Hard Brown Rolls Grapes Milk Jelly Roll Tea	Roast Pork Shoulder Baked Sweet Potatoes Mixed Peas and Carrots Apple Dumplings Coffee Tea				
WED 15	Orange Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Cream of Asparagus Soup Cabbage and Peanut Salad Hot Biscuits Milk Honey Tea	Cold Roast Pork Applesauce Buttered Noodles Broccoli Quick Chocolate Pudding Coffee Tea				
THU 16	Half Grapefruit Ready-to-eat Cereal Toasted Biscuits Conservé Coffee Cocoa	Curried Rice with Leftover Pork Canned Peaches Drop Cookies Milk Tea	Dressed Heart Mashed Potatoes Spinach Cranberry Betty Coffee Tea				
FRI 17	Apple Juice Pancakes Toast Coffee Syrup Cocoa	Scalloped Onions with Cheese Hard Rolls Pumpkin Tarts Milk Tea	Fish and Chips Harvard Beets Cabbage Fruit Jelly Custard Sauce Coffee Tea				
SAT 18	Oranges Oatmeal Porridge Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Chili Con Carne Toasted Rye Bread Half Grapefruit Milk Tea	Minute Steaks Boiled Potatoes Squash Fresh Applesauce Spice Cake Coffee Tea				
SUN 19	Blended Fruit Juices Ready-to-eat Cereal Grilled Smoked Fish Toast Coffee Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Pear and Cottage Cheese Salad with Winter Grapes Frosted Spice Cake Milk Tea	Baked Ham Slice Pineapple Rings Potato Soufflé Cauliflower Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea				

Chatelaine Recipe of the Month

TURKEY DRESSING (for a 10-pound bird)

It's the seasoning and the kernel corn that make this dressing just a bit different.

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 10 cups soft bread crumbs
- 2 eggs
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 3/4 teaspoon paprika
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1/2 teaspoon sage or poultry seasoning
- 1/4 cup chopped fresh parsley OR
- 2 or 3 tablespoons dried parsley
- 1 can (14-oz.) whole kernel corn

Cook onions in melted fat until soft but not browned. Combine with bread crumbs and allow to cool. Beat eggs slightly, add to bread mixture and toss lightly to mix well. Mix in remaining ingredients and stuff loosely in prepared bird.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

* Recipe appears elsewhere in this issue

For Gifts

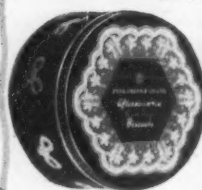
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BY APPOINTMENT TO
H. M. THE LATE
KING GEORGE VI

noticed that for many months she has been wearing a fat pearl choker necklace on every show. This is because she sincerely believes that good luck clings to certain objects. For three months she was convinced her Tabloid interviews went smoothly chiefly because of the pearl earrings she wore. When she lost the earrings she was fortunate in finding a pearl necklace that apparently carried the same aura of success.

For really important occasions she also carries a tiny stuffed black cat, a lucky walnut, a five-leaf clover her mother sent her, and a gold cigarette lighter. "That's why I need a big purse," she explains cheerily. "In other words, I'm a jerk."

Elaine's workday ends at eight o'clock, when she changes her dress, eyes her face speculatively in the mirror and usually decides to leave the studio make-up on. Around eight-thirty she goes out with a group of television people to eat dinner in a restaurant. This is her only meal of the day; her breakfast is toast and coffee, her lunch equally skimpy and she has nothing but a biscuit with her coffee during rehearsal breaks.

When she leaves the studio, Canadian television's most popular hostess finds she can go almost nowhere in Toronto without being recognized, a circumstance which is a mixed blessing. "You're on unequal footing," she explains. One time she was sitting at a soda fountain in dirt-streaked jeans with her hair a wild mess. A middle-aged man approached and explained that he thought she was Elaine Grand but his wife didn't, would she straighten them out? Elaine, strongly tempted to insist

her name was Jones, had to confess. Elaine's background is that of a gifted and adored daughter of parents in comfortable circumstances. She was born in Winnipeg and her father, George Hill, was a musician with the famed Princess Pats band that toured Canada, the United States and England. Her mother, Maude, taught art and music in Tuxedo Public School. Both her parents were English-born.

Elaine learned to read at three and was devoted at that age to the lizard section of the Book of Knowledge. She also began taking dancing lessons at three and at seven starred in a radio series, The Adventures of Peter and Joan. At eight she was a member of the Western Radio Players, heard regularly over a western network.

"I retired from show business at the height of my career, at fifteen," she recalls.

At fifteen she graduated from high school and went to the Winnipeg School of Art. She joined an advertising agency, hoping to do fashion illustrating but instead found herself supervising fashion photography. She stayed until she was nearly twenty and then left to get a job as a fashion illustrator in Toronto.

She arrived to stay with some friends just before Christmas and three weeks later married Solomon Grand, a former beau of hers in Winnipeg. Sol Grand, twenty-five, was a furiously energetic person. He was then fund raiser with the Jewish Welfare Fund and executive director of the Jewish Congress. Five hours a night was plenty of sleep for him and he worked most of his waking hours. Theirs was a marriage of mixed religions—Elaine is an Anglican—but

Yes, Madam, they're all

flexible polythene

...bowls, food containers, juice storers, ice cube trays, a host of colourful house-ware's that don't break, crack or chip—that actually bounce when dropped. The flexible tops and closures seal in your food's freshness and flavour, seal out foreign tastes and odours.



Start building a permanent polythene collection for your kitchen...this flexible plastic practically lasts forever. Ask for polythene housewares.



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Suppliers of plastic raw materials

neither considered this a factor of much importance.

Elaine had been working on Tabloid for nine months, and Sol had brought to a successful close a multi-million-dollar campaign to build the New Mount Sinai Hospital when they went to a party on Christmas Eve, 1953. The next morning Elaine woke to find Sol in a coma. He died that morning of a heart attack and she left Toronto almost immediately to take his body to Vancouver for burial. He was thirty-two.

Her friends helped her through the bad days that followed. When she returned to Toronto a month later Stuart Griffiths, director of programs for CBC-TV, asked her to sign a contract to replace the casual, freelance basis on which she had been working. Tabloid's crew warmed her with their affection. "What could we do," announcer Gil Christie later observed, "but love her?"

This attitude is shared by her invisible audience. Of the hundreds of letters Elaine has received in her brief career on Tabloid and Living, the most adverse was a mild request that she refrain from the somewhat awkward posture of standing with her arms folded. Elaine assured the customer on the following night's show that she would endeavor to correct this fault. More than a dozen people promptly wrote in to denounce the critic and to make the observation that appears to be universally held: "Stay as you are Elaine, we love you." *

LOOK AT THEM NOW

Continued from page 24

whole bin was paid for," Joie said. "That gave me a real sense of security."

But perhaps most of all, budgeting has helped the Woodses sharpen their own sense of values. This can be a budgeter's greatest boon to any family for in planning a budget you have to make choices. As Joie said at the end of the first year: "Budgeting makes you think more about what you really do want."

A budget eliminates what this perceptive young wife and mother calls "frustrated buying." She explains it this way: "You want something but can't afford it. So out of frustration you buy something cheap you don't really want."

For Russell the budget system had big values, too. "The reserve fund for replacements is invaluable."

In the chart of the Woodses' financial progress which accompanies this article, you'll notice that the chief difference between their 1953 pre-Chatelaine budget expenses and the subsequent budgets is in this reserve fund. Each month Joie and Russ would first bank the money for the reserves and fixed expenses. The balance for cash expenses was brought home and put in separate envelopes for food, clothing, car and household operation.

The tentative budget worked out last year to lift up the Woodses by their financial bootstraps proved enough for food, housing and clothing, but inadequate for self-improvement and recreation, and car expenses. Russ, however, found riders to help feed that reliable but thirsty 1948 sedan, which at one point we thought might have to go.

"You really have to keep a record for a year before you know your actual costs," Joie told me. "We had a rough idea, but never realized how much we spent for gifts and entertainment."

Like many another couple in these days of living in the suburbs and raising a family instead of a rumpus, they rediscover each other and the fascinations of conversation. Their favorite recreation has become simply talking evenings with each other and with friends.

Joie held down the food bills below

the estimated \$70 a month. The final average of \$67.77 even included cleaning supplies, stationery and stamps. This was made possible by Joie's inexpensive but hearty casseroles and other combination dishes, and because the family discovered dry skim milk. The Woodses had been buying fluid skim milk but now make their own for eight cents a quart.

Most people avoid budgets because they think they are designed to keep you from spending. Joie and Russ found

their budget allowed them a bit of luxury spending now and then without as much strain on their conscience as before. Russ said, "When you save so much on milk, you feel you can afford to buy a little cream for company."

Joie's other big economy comes from doing her own baking. In fact, she baked fourteen dozen cookies as well as doing three washes the day she went to the hospital to have her baby. The nurses chided her for all this activity and introduced her around the hospital

Because they're

BAKED! BAKED! BAKED!



ALL-STAR BEAN CASSEROLE

1 tablespoon butter
1/4 cup chopped onion
1/2 cup sliced celery
6 to 8 slices salami
1 can (20 ounces) Heinz Oven-Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce

Melt butter in frying pan; add onion and celery and fry, stirring occasionally, until vegetables are tender and golden. Cut the slices of salami into star shapes; cut the remaining bits of salami into small pieces. Turn the Heinz Oven-Baked Beans into a casserole; add the vegetable mixture and bits of salami and combine lightly. Cover and bake in a moderately hot oven, 375°, 20 minutes. Uncover casserole and arrange stars of salami over the beans; return to oven and bake uncovered about 10 minutes longer. Garnish with sliced stuffed olives. Makes 3 or 4 servings.

Look at the All-Star Casserole shown here, made to a brand new recipe. Can you imagine a more tempting, delicious, or nourishing dish for any meal or occasion? Make this treat for your family this week-end.

Try all kinds of Heinz Oven-Baked Beans, either alone or combined with other foods.

BAKED BEANS WITH PORK
BAKED BEANS IN TOMATO SAUCE
BOSTON STYLE BAKED BEANS
BAKED BEANS WITH SLICED WIENERS
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(Protection from germs)

Norforms are now safer and surer than ever! The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful, protective film. Will not harm delicate tissues.

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(So easy to use)

Norforms are small vaginal suppositories that are so easy and convenient to use. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate.

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as the woman who expected her husband to live all week on cookies.

The family's kitchen garden also helps, and Joie had no trouble getting over her earlier prejudice against canned produce as an off-season money-saver. She also put up a winter's supply of beans, bean relish and chili sauce. But despite the letters she read in *Chatelaine* from readers who thought she ought to can more, Joie still thinks it's cheaper and better in the long run to buy her vegetables during the winter.

The family's clothing came to only \$180 for the year, including cleaning. But this was because there were gifts for Tim and plenty of things from his brothers, and Joie and Russ had bought their own coats and suits the year before. Also Joie made a lot of the children's clothes. She loves to knit, and last year produced sweaters for Russ and the boys and a three-piece set for young Tim. Total cost of Tim's set: eighty-seven cents for wool marked down because it was shopworn. She buys wool with some nylon content. She finds it wears better and doesn't need as much reshaping after washing.

Most families must expect to spend more than this for clothing. At present prices it would cost a typical family with three youngsters under six about \$350 a year for clothes and upkeep, although some families spend less than \$100 and others as much as \$1,000. Average spending runs about eight to ten percent of income.

In the budget Joie and Russ have worked out for 1955, they have allotted more for clothes than last year—\$23 a month or \$276 a year. For one reason, children's clothing costs grow as they grow. Home economists generally calculate that clothes for an infant will often run about \$35 a year; under six, about \$90; six to twelve, about \$135; teen-agers, about \$160. Teen-agers'

clothes often cost more than grownups'.

Making out a budget for 1955 was an entirely different experience from the year before. That first time the three of us sat around the kitchen table for hours trying to whittle down each expense to a feasible minimum to provide for repayment of the debt and setting up those vital reserves. This year the pleasant question was where to devote the money left over after basic expenses.

Last year, following good budget practice, we were conservative in our estimate of income, counting on only Russ' salary at the time. He received a salary increase during the year, which netted \$12 a month more in actual take-home pay, earned a little extra teaching night school and tutoring, and found passengers to drive to work in Windsor. Most of this extra income, about \$600, went to payments on the debt with the credit union. Some was earmarked for the attic expansion project and more was set aside for the maintenance of the car and for gifts.

Earnings Deliberately Low

Russ' gross salary is now \$4,650 a year and will go up \$200 more in four months. In making up the 1955 budget the Woodses again estimated their income conservatively, at an average \$343 a month, counting only on about \$10 a month more in actual take-home pay from the raise, on the baby bonus of \$15 a month, and on the car riders' \$10 a month. They did not include night-school earnings, although Russ will again try to earn that extra \$200. For this year his average monthly take-home pay from school (including the raise) will be \$318, after deductions for hospital, medical and group life insurance, income tax, Windsor Patriotic Fund and retirement pension.

But with most of the debt paid off, they were able to allot noticeably more

in the new budget for most expenses, including household operation, since the phone bill has been increased. Hydro and heating bills will be higher with a new baby insisting that he and his wardrobe be washed frequently. The remaining debt of \$300 will be paid off completely within four months to save interest fees, but over the year we budgeted an average monthly payment of \$25.50 including interest. The Woodses wondered if they shouldn't spread out the remaining debt repayment over the year and keep more cash comfortably on hand. But we agreed they could always borrow from the credit union again if any unusual emergency arose and meanwhile they would only be paying the keep of semi-idle money, as many families unnecessarily do. Joie and Russ are unusually perceptive and quick in their grasp of these points about money.

With basic expenses budgeted first, Joie and Russ decided to give themselves more margin in their personal spending, chiefly to advance their educational goals. The new item of \$12 a month for education will allow Russ to begin studying for his master's degree—really an investment in the family's future—and enable five-year-old Roddy to go to a preschool nursery this winter, since no kindergarten is available to him in Riverdale.

They increased their reserves for depreciation against the day when they will have to replace the car and household equipment. They also jumped their allotment for new equipment. Joie wants, in this order, an electric polisher for buffing the floors, a new rug for the living room, and an electric clothes dryer. Their newly mastered budgeting techniques are going to bring these things home without a doubt.

In general Joie functions as the family purchasing agent, suggesting the household equipment she would like to budget.

The Woodses' Budget Progress (\$ Per Month)

	1953 Actual Expenses Before Budget	1954 Emergency Budget	1954 Actual Spending	1955 Advancement Budget
Food	75.00	70.00	67.77	70.00
Shelter	80.00	80.00	80.94	83.00
Mortgage Payment	55.50	55.50	55.50	55.50
House Operation	12.00	12.00	12.54	14.00
Heating	10.50	10.50	10.90	11.50
Home Insurance	2.00	2.00	2.00	2.00
Clothing	25.00	20.00	15.01	23.00
Car	21.00	19.00	21.70	25.00
Operating Costs	16.00	14.00	16.70	20.00
Insurance	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00
Debt Repayment	65.00	62.50	88.08	25.50
Personal Expenses	14.00	12.00	22.89	34.00
Magazines, books				3.00
Church and gifts				7.00
Recreation				12.00
Education				12.00
Investment	14.30	14.30	14.30	14.30
Life Insurance	6.00	6.00	6.00	6.00
*Household Furnishings, Equipment		2.50	3.90	12.00
*Reserves		12.50	12.50	23.00
Car Depreciation				16.50
Appliance Depreciation				6.50
*Home Improvement			10.48	27.20
TOTALS	300.30	298.80	343.57**	343.00

* New items the budgets made possible.

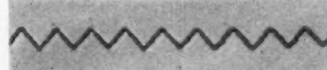
** While the emergency budget did work, unexpected earnings made extra expenditures possible.

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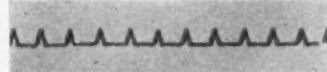
The Astonishing New Swing-Needle **SINGER** Automatic



Automatic Zigzagging — for satin stitch, script stitch appliques, buttonholes, setting in lace.



Automatic Multiple Zigzag — for mending, patching, joining overlapped seams, applying binding.



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Automatic Scallop Stitch — perfectly spaced, big or small, for fancy edging and embroidery, collar trim.



Automatic Arrowheads — facing in either direction, for decorating children's clothes, table linens.



Automatic Dominoes — for monograms, borders, pocket designs that would take hours by hand.



NEW! Twin Needle also comes with the Automatic. Sews with two different color threads at once — for beautiful toned effects.

These are only a few of the exciting stitches the new **SINGER** Automatic will do.

Does 101 stitch variations as simply as it sews a straight seam!

Here is a machine so modern, so advanced — so different from usual machines — you'll have to see it in action to believe what it can do.

It's the new Swing-Needle* **SINGER** Automatic Machine — with amazing do-it-for-you "FASHION* Discs." It not only does the finest straight sewing... it does just about any kind of decorative stitch you can imagine completely

automatically. Stop in; try it. Discover how it takes hard work, handwork and guesswork out of sewing.

It's the newest member in the **SINGER** family, which have been Christmas favorites for over 100 years.

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Feather-light boneless corselette in the "Angel" group of stretchable "A'Lure" garments. Bust top of embroidered nylon marquisette. White only. Warner's style Y3330.

A longer version of the "Merry Widow" in nylon Alencón-type lace and elastic marquisette. Turn-down bra cuffs, comes in white or black. Style Y3322.

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WARNER'S "Merry Widow"

DOES FOUR FABULOUS

THINGS FOR YOUR FIGURE!

Warner's "Merry Widow" — the most glamorous garment in all "Foundation-dom" — is pretty practical about making your figure perfectly pretty!

ONE... it takes *inches* from your middle with very gentle persuasion.

TWO... it shapes your curves comfortably *from the waist up*.

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FOUR... it gives you the most becoming *natural* separation, with a strapless bra that's easily adjusted for perfect fit and uplift.

Warner's "Merry Widow" (Style 1311) looks and feels lovely in embroidered nylon marquisette and nylon mesh elastic. See it in white and black at better stores and look for these two other clever Warner Corselette styles, too.

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Parisian Corset Mfg. Co. Ltd.
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et for next. She also decides what type and model to buy. She makes a thorough study of a particular field of merchandise before she buys, and has become an unusually expert shopper. Joie believes, quite rightly, that home management requires as much skill and thought as business management.

They raised their allotment for finishing the attic. With the moral and sometimes physical aid of Joie's wonderful eighty-year-old grandmother, who says she would love to have been a carpenter, Russ last year moved back a section of the knee walls, insulated the ceiling (\$78 for batts), and put in outlets (\$48 for the electrician). This year he and a fellow teacher, who carpenters on the side, will frame and finish a big room for the two older boys, a walk-in closet, and a combination sewing room and study for Joie and himself.

Why do things piecemeal this way? The Woodses wondered themselves, particularly after a friend argued that the thing to do was to get what you wanted, get it complete and then go to work on the debt.

But by budgeting ahead and then buying for cash in hand, Joie and Russ will have much more in the long run. They will save the interest fees that have cost them as much as an extra hundred dollars a year.

Continued on page 46

MAKE IT FROM A PATTERN

The hour is sometime after six.

The place is festive, maybe candle-lit, and set for dancing.

The dress could be this

one in lace over taffeta,

sleeves pared to a minimum,

its neckline a slow curve and

its skirt a wide sweep of

color. Pattern No. 4782,

sizes 11-18. Price 50 cents.

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Also, when a family accumulates a capital for living—which is what the Woodses' reserve fund really is—it becomes possible to buy both necessities and luxuries for less. For example, the Woodses were able to save a dollar a ton by buying their coal early and for cash. Again with cash in hand, they were able to buy for \$10 an electric iron that some stores priced as high as \$14.

Capital for living has also helped Joie and Russ take advantage of sales. Joie

watches the store ads very carefully and knows when to expect sales.

The bookkeeping end of budgeting turned out to be easy. The Woodses keep a page from a loose-leaf notebook in the pocket of a calendar on the kitchen door. They record daily spending on this page and at the end of the month insert it in the notebook. And this simple record is actually the heart of their new financial system. "We've become so fascinated by keeping track of our expenses we even count up after two

weeks to see the trend," Joie said.

It took five months to get the budget really working, she told me. They started it after a financially awry summer when they were falling behind every week and Russ had to get a fifty-dollar payday loan from the teachers' credit union to finance the last two weeks before his first autumn pay cheque.

But with this year's profitable experience, Joie and Russ are getting down to some finer points of budgeting for 1955. They have made their budget more de-

tailed, as shown in the chart. They have broken down personal and recreational spending so they will know where that money does go, and whether they want it to go there. The more detailed the expense record, the better you can detect and check the unnoticed spending that can divert large chunks of income.

Budgeting, too, helps create unity and harmony in a family. While Russ and Joie didn't need a budget to bring them closer—married at nineteen while Russ was in college, they were used to working hard and planning every purchase together—it did bring clarity to their confusion as family expenses grew and grew.

And they know other couples sometimes argue about money. Joie points out that when a husband keeps charge of the money and hands his wife eighty dollars a month "for the house," and when she comes back later for more, he may challenge her with, "What did you do with the eighty dollars?" She be-



LOW COST *Luxury*

SOLID ROCK MAPLE by Vilas

Here is authentic Early American design skillfully reproduced by master craftsmen. Here is all the glowing beauty of selected maple . . . its loveliness protected from the wear and tear of household use by a hard, lustrous, hand-rubbed finish.

This bedroom suite, as with all Vilas furniture, is built to satisfy the most discriminating tastes . . . yet priced to suit the most modest budgets.

Suites for **BEDROOM • DINING ROOM • LIVING ROOM**

Open stock—buy what you can now . . . add more later.

VILAS FURNITURE *Company Limited*

Cowansville, Quebec. Established 1870



Look for the Vilas
brandmark—your
assurance of fine
craftsmanship.



Buy TB Christmas Seals

comes suspicious of what he does with all the remaining money. Result: neither manages his share of the family income efficiently.

If budgeting can do so much for financial progress and happiness, why don't more families use this tool?

One reason why many families don't budget is that they have been led to believe you have to follow standard percentages—so much for food, shelter, and so on. Several Chatelaine readers felt the Woodses seemed to be spending too much on food, while others said they couldn't possibly eat on that little. Some couldn't understand why the Woodses had trouble on that much income, since they had trouble on much less.

Your own budget must be completely individual. The concept of standard percentages can discourage any family willing to try budgeting. The modern idea is that you work out your own budget according to your individual desires, habits, needs and income. An employed woman couldn't possibly spend the time making casseroles and baking that Joie does. Some families might simply prefer to have more roasts and spend less on the house.

But planning a budget does induce you to be realistic. After allotting for fixed expenses, you have to make decisions about where you want to spend the rest. When you realize you can't buy all the things you would like at once, and when you realize credit only postpones the day of reckoning, you will begin to re-examine expenses you took for granted, from your insurance to food. Inevitably you discover ways of reducing basic costs, and your budget thus makes possible new spending rather than keeps you from spending.

That is exactly the way it worked out for the Woodses.

Your own budget cannot follow their pattern. For one thing, there is no allotment for medical expense, for which the

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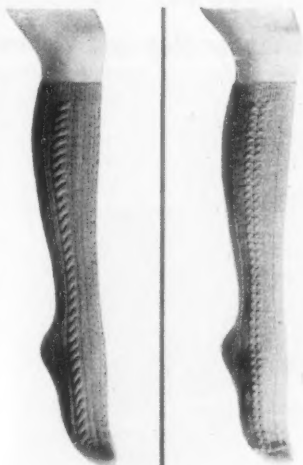
average family spends about five per cent of income. That is because the combined Windsor Medical Plan and Blue Cross take care of almost all medical costs through payroll deduction, and the Woodses never even see that money. They did have to pay forty-eight dollars for maternity expense which came out of their reserve.

Also, you may have to reserve a bit more than the Woodses for insurance and savings. Russ has a \$5,000 group policy through the board of education, for which only \$3 a month is deducted from his pay. He supplements this with \$7,000 term insurance at a cost of only \$6 a month. He pays on an annual basis to get a lower price on it. Also, he has an automatic deduction from his pay cheque for retirement savings. To supplement this, he deposits \$14.30 a month in an investment fund. But other families, without similar insurance and savings plans on their jobs, might have to allot closer to ten per cent of income for insurance and savings.

A tolerable budget needs to be flexible. You can't hew to other people's spending or even to your own previous spending because costs, needs and tastes change. Young couples generally have the largest expense, relatively, for clothing, furnishings, cars, personal care and recreation. When they become parents they spend more for food and household operation. As they age, they spend more for medical care.

Who decides what the family needs most?

As Joie said, "It takes two to make a budget." Yes, and as the children get older their ideas will be needed, too. A successful budget is a co-operative family venture. +



CAMPUS SOCKS

Knee-high socks go so high, wide and handsome with school clothes this year. And they are easy to wear with sports clothes. Instructions for knitting both popular designs shown here include matching sockies (not illustrated). Order No. C177. Price, 25 cents.

Please order from Mrs. Ivy Clark,
Chatelaine Needlecraft Department,
481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

CHRISTMAS AT HOME

Continued from page 21

people, she had to stumble smack into Nonie and a big overcoat and amused face that must be Alec.

"Your hat's kind of cock-eyed," Nonie said, and Pamela felt her friendship beginning to fray at the edges, especially when Nonie giggled as she straightened it. "In case you wouldn't know," she

said, "this is Alec. And this, Alec, is my friend, Pamela Blake."

"Hi, Pam."

She was so embarrassed that all she could say for the next few minutes was yes and no—yes, she had finished shopping, and no, she wouldn't mind a lift home with her parcels.

Then, when they had cleared the downtown traffic, Alec leaned across Pamela to ask Nonie, "Is she invited to the party? Because if she isn't, I won't go."

Pamela felt a sensation like going down too fast in an elevator. First thing she knew, if she weren't careful, the thrill in her bones would be showing through. As they let her off at her own door Nonie said, "How about coming over to help me with the place cards tonight?"

"And how about me picking you up?" Alec suggested.

Pamela went into the house slightly breathless. No other boy had ever made her feel like this. She was a dream

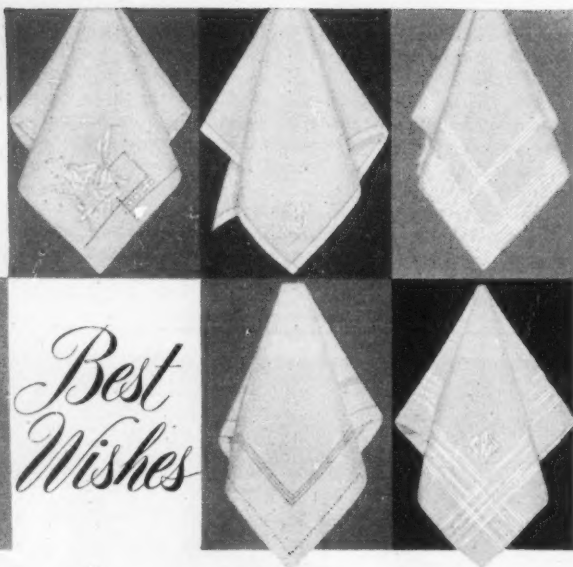


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In cartons of 200 and tins of 50

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walking. This, she thought, is going to be the most wonderful Christmas of my life.

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"Well, you've told me often enough."

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"What about?"

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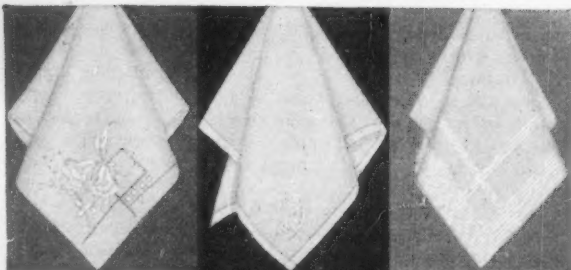
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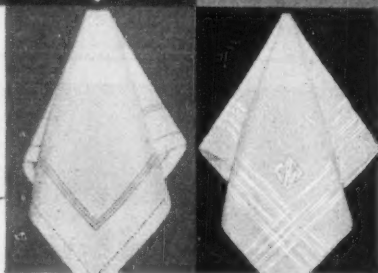
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she desperately wanted and something that family tradition demanded of her. But surely, her thoughts raced on, one different Christmas wouldn't hurt anybody.

Just eating food together wouldn't make or unmake Christmas. Surely nobody would expect Pamela to give up the big romance of her life for the sake of one meal.

The silver finished, she went up to her room, opened her dresser drawer, and gazed yearningly at Alec's encircled head and shoulders. Was he thinking of her at this very moment?

His first sight of her had been with her hat crooked and her arms bursting with parcels. His last—no, only his last for a while, if all went well—should be so ravishing that he wouldn't be able to get her out of his mind . . . And when the dancing began . . .

Pamela lifted her arms, one a bit higher than the other—that hand was the one he would hold in his—the other, a little lower, would rest on the arm that would be around her waist. Slowly, dreamily, she revolved around the room then paused before the mirror.

Why—she was standing exactly like that frosty princess down in the store. She flashed a smile at herself. It was a good omen. It gave her the courage she needed to tell her mother she had decided to go to Nonie's party.

Halfway down the stairs the telephone rang. For one heart-catching moment she thought it might be Alec, but her mother, answering it, called up, "It's for Daddy. I think he's in his den."

Pamela delivered the message and went on down, but before she achieved the necessary build-up to her announcement, her father came in from the telephone to say, "That was the office. Emergency flight with some serum or other for a lad up in the bush. Seems it's up to me. Take-off this afternoon."

"Oh, no!" her mother said. "You shifted runs so you could have these extra days at home."

"That's why I'm elected. I'm the only free one right now. Cheer up. I should be back some time tomorrow afternoon in time for Christmas Eve."

Clearly her own announcement would have to wait, so Pamela went back to her room and a few minutes later her father stuck his head in. "Do something for me, Junior?" he said.

He led her conspiratorially to his den and reached under the sofa. "Once a boy scout, always a boy scout. Be prepared. Before I knew that Harrison would trade flights with me, I fixed this up, just in case. Now, if I should happen to be delayed—"

She listened while he explained and only realized after he had gone that he seemed to have forgotten that she might be at Nonie's. Oh, well, he said he would be back tomorrow afternoon. Meantime she would dispense with the build-up and tell her mother straight that she had decided to go.

All her mother said was, "So you've made up your mind," and went on labeling the parcels they were to deliver that evening; it was hard to tell what she really felt. Pamela tried not to feel uncomfortable.

When she and her mother returned from their rounds of delivering gifts, the tracks the car made up to the garage reminded Pamela of those she and Alec had made the night before. This snow-

fall was a descendant of the one they had walked through, but less gentle. One minute it came down quietly, the next it whirled impatiently in front of a rising wind. The restlessness in it matched the restlessness in Pamela's mind. Old winds from far-off years were whirling her about in familiar ways; new winds that had sprung up were vying with the old, sometimes intermingling, sometimes sweeping in the opposite direction. All through the night and on into the next day she felt tossed between the two. Outwardly she gave herself to the increasing tempo of preparations, helping her mother and grandmother get out the special china, taking upon herself the making of the celery curls and hard sauce, running up and downstairs on countless errands. Inwardly she lived for the moment when the whole city would lose that feeling of emptiness, because Alec would be back in it. He would surely telephone.

Then, at lunchtime, her grandmother suddenly remembered a gift for an old friend of hers that had been forgotten the night before. Obviously it was up to Pamela.

"What your family can do to you!" she thought. Alec's call would come when she wasn't there.

She was in the hall tying on her kerchief against the continuing storm when the sound of the telephone sent her running.

"Hello," she said breathlessly, a smile all ready for him even if he couldn't see it.

But it was Nonie who answered. "Guess what?" she said. "I've stuck mistletoe up in every single sitting-out place. You can't lose."

Pamela was on edge to know if Alec were back, but not for worlds would she give herself into Nonie's hands by asking, even though she was her best friend.

She said, "I hope it isn't too obvious." "Don't worry," Nonie said. "Not even Alec knows, unless he should go mooching about looking for it."

Here was the opening she needed. "Did he have a good time in the country?"

"I wouldn't know," Nonie said. "He isn't back yet. They say this snow is holding up buses and things."

Pamela started out on her errand determined to make a quick thing of it and get back in time for the hoped-for call. But traffic moved slowly and the buses were crowded with people and bundled almost to the point of suffocation. At last she squirmed her way on to her homeward-bound bus and stood swaying between a bulky man with a self-satisfied smile and two women carrying on a determined conversation.

All at once the voice of one of them penetrated Pamela's consciousness. "Well," she said, "in weather like this you never know. It could disappear, just like that, for all our cleverness."

Startled, Pamela tried to overhear the rest of it, but something diverted their attention, and at the next stop they got off.

It could disappear. What could? A plane, for instance?

Had there been bad news about one? There couldn't be, or she would have heard about it. She snatched at straws of reassurance. Her father was a wonderful flyer. He said he would be back



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this afternoon. He would probably be home when she got there.

Believing that because she had to, she got off at her stop and buffeted her way to her own door. Inside, delicious comforting smells welcomed her. Sugar for caramel sauce being browned. The spicy odor of mince tartlets fresh from the oven, and an over-all hint of turkey being singed. Opal had come to help Pamela's mother stuff and truss it in readiness for tomorrow. This was not the atmosphere of a household under strain.

As she took off her overshoes and carried them toward the side entry, her grandmother looked down over the stair railing. "That young man of yours called a few minutes ago," she said. "He said to tell you he'll call back."

"Oh, thank you, Granny," Pamela said. She clumped her overshoes down, shook the snow from kerchief and coat and went out to the kitchen. Life was wonderful.

"Any news from Daddy?" She could ask now, knowing that it couldn't have been a plane those women were talking about, warmed by the knowledge that soon she would hear Alec's voice again.

Her mother brushed back a lock of hair with her wrist. She looked a bit tired. "The office thinks this weather may have delayed their starting back. They'll let us know as soon as they hear."

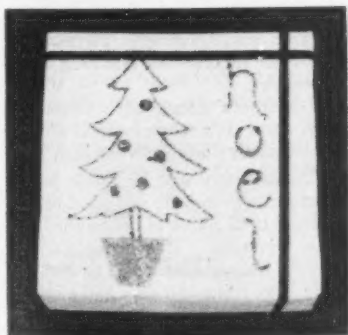
By the time Alec telephoned, about half past seven, it had been on the radio. "I hear your dad is grounded somewhere up in the wilds," he said. "Any more word?"

"No. Where he went they don't seem to have any telephones or things."

"What about the plane radio?"

"They think something may have gone wrong with it."

"That's tough." Jealousy pricked her once more. It was her father and not herself that seemed to be his main concern. The thought had scarcely taken form before he banished it.



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Sparkle dust is fun to put on Christmas gift packages. Use your imagination for holiday decorations, party favors or packages. Kit includes ideas for design, sparkle dust in seven colors, adhesive and instructions which tell how to make bows also. Order No. C180. Each package complete. \$1.00.

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"What time shall I call for you tomorrow night?" he asked. "Or is there a 'Reserved' sign on that?"

"There is now," Pamela said.

"What are the initials on it?" he said.

"A fellow has to be sure, you know."

Pamela laughed. "There's a big square A on it."

"That's me. All right if I pick you up a little after seven?"

She hesitated, then said, "Yes."

There was no escaping the fact that it was conditional. Suppose, just suppose her father wasn't back by dinner-time tomorrow. She was stuck with that promise she had given so lightly because she had never dreamed of having to keep it.

That was a strange Christmas Eve, although the usual things happened; friends dropping in with last-minute gifts and greetings, the last bits of decoration—time-honored candy canes—added to the tree, the dining table extended to its utmost and the centerpiece of little angels and the candelabra set all ready. And all the while that waiting for the first, least tingle of the telephone that never came.

"It just won't be Christmas if he doesn't get here," her mother said. Lines of stress were beginning to show through and for one amazing moment Pamela saw her mother's likeness to her grandmother. "He's always been lucky about managing it."

Thinking to be comforting Pamela said, "You'll have all the others, anyway."

Her mother looked at her as if she were almost a stranger. "Do you think," she said, "that anyone matters compared with him?"

Pamela stared back, shocked. Why, that was the way she felt about Alec. She'd never dreamt that old people felt that way, not people like your father and mother.

Her grandmother straightened a chair that didn't need straightening and said, "If he doesn't make it, you'd better cancel out all the evening's program except the dinner itself."

"If he doesn't make it," Pamela thought, rebelling against the entanglement of her promise, "what about me?"

"Nothing's going to be canceled," her mother said. "Steve would want us to carry on as usual, whatever happens—"

She began firmly, but her voice faltered into silence, and for the second time within minutes shock overwhelmed Pamela.

Until that instant it had never entered her mind that there was a possibility her father might not get back, ever. "It could disappear, just like that . . ."

She crept, unnoticed, up to her room, turned on her radio and waited for the news. From the one downstairs came the echo of the words she listened to. "Nothing has yet been heard of the mercy-flight plane since it reported starting back this afternoon on what should have been a four-hour flight." She switched it off and sat on the edge of her bed staring at the floor. If he weren't going to be there ever, anymore, it was going to be unbearable to see them all sitting around the table tomorrow and somebody else in his chair, because of course it couldn't stand there empty.

A sharp tap at the door sent her to her feet, shaking. It was her grandmother. She came in and shut the door

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behind her and said, "Pamela, you're not a child. You know that your father may not—"

"We don't know for sure," Pamela said stubbornly.

"Under the circumstances," her grandmother went on, "I don't think your mother should undergo the strain of our usual procedure tomorrow night. Perhaps if you said something she would listen."

For a wild, selfish moment Pamela was ready to snatch at this opportunity of honorable release from her promise. And release meant freedom to go with Alec. A second later came remembrance of the boyish eagerness of her father's face as he took her into the den—was it only yesterday morning?—and explained what he wanted her to do. If he should be delayed, he said. He didn't set a time limit on the delay. All that concerned him was that this Christmas should be as like all the others as he could make it. For him, Christmas was for giving. She realized to her shame that Christmas for her had always been for getting. She should long ago, since she prided herself on her social maturity, have grown beyond such a childish idea.

"I'm sorry, Granny," she said, not too steadily, "but if Mother wants us to go through with it, I think we should. Daddy expected us to, if he didn't get back."

Her grandmother shook her head and left without another word. Pamela stayed where she was, arms clasped tightly about her chest, as if that would help to keep some precious thing from vanishing. Then she walked slowly to her dresser, opened the drawer and stood gazing in.

Opening their parcels under the tree in the morning, each one tried to be gay for the others' sake. Snatching a minute when she felt brave enough to do it without going ignominiously to pieces, Pamela telephoned Nonie ostensibly to thank her for the bubble-bath set. Just as she had progressed to, "No. No more news. So you'd better tear up my place card," her mother passed by and for a second her hand brushed Pamela's hair. Hurriedly Pamela rang off. A minute later the bell rang again. It was Alec.

"I hear our date's off. Gosh, I'm sorry, Pam. It's tough luck all around, isn't it, particularly for your dad."

If he had only said he would pop in to say hello, even hello and good-by and he would be thinking of her on the flight south tomorrow. But he didn't. So it didn't matter that much to him. It might have if she had only had a chance tonight. For once the clamorous arrival of her cousins and the sudden boisterousness of the atmosphere were welcome.

The storm had blown itself out, and since mid-afternoon the air had been clear and bitterly cold. With every new arrival an icy shaft penetrated the appetizing warmth of the house. Just before the last two or three arrived Pamela's mother said to her, "You will sit in your father's place, Pamela."

It was the only time in the whole day that she almost broke down and cried. But she wouldn't let herself. She knew that her mother, too, was at the same point. She ran upstairs and deliberately put on the taffeta crinoline and lace blouse that was to have made the final impression on Alec. Watching for the right moment, she was able to

carry out the arrangements her father had made, then joined the others in the living room just before Opal's lousy performance on the dinner gong.

At the sound of it, the artificial conversation they had all been trying to keep up fell into silence.

"The procession," Pamela thought, her throat tightening. "If we try to sing the carol we'll never get through with it."

Her eyes sought her mother, appealing to her to do something, only to find her mother's eyes turned on her with the same appeal.

"Oh, no," she thought, "don't ask me to decide this, too."

The next instant, as if some power took over for her, she heard herself saying, "Suppose the younger people do the singing for a change. Come on, Terry, Mike, Bob, Phyllis. Let's do God Rest You Merry."

How she ever got them started she didn't know, but that crisis passed and at last they were seated in their places. Uncle Fred did the carving and Pamela, from her father's chair, suddenly saw how they all must have looked to him every year since this started. To him they were not tiresome or queer or uninteresting. They all belonged together as no other group of people could. This getting together every year was precious. Her earliest remembrance of it was of herself, at the appointed time, standing up on a chair lisping, "I propose a toast to Grampa." Her father's pet joke was that one day one of her children would be proposing the toast to him. But now . . . she fought back the tears. Was she going to be able to carry through what he had planned, neither of them dreaming that a delay could be forever?

When the moment came upon her she was shaking. Again that awful silence fell, and all their pretense that everything was normal fell to pieces. And again she was amazed at the way she was able to say, "Now for our toast list."

For half a second, as she reached under her chair for the switch, her heart failed her. Would they be able to stand it?

But it was too late now. Into the hush came her father's voice. "Well, here we all are again, with Aunt Dora looking at least ten years younger than last year . . ."

They were like frozen figures, staring toward the sound of that chuckling voice, with the soft whirring of the recorder as accompaniment. A chill breeze that was palpable swept the room, and still as they were, almost inaudible movements and rustlings seemed to accompany it, as if the past were creeping around them.

Just the exact moment at which the voice seemed to blur and sound like a double exposure, Pamela never knew. Her mother suddenly got up from her chair and in a choking voice said, "Steve!"

Stricken, Pamela thought, "I shouldn't have done it, even though I promised," and quickly switched it off, or thought she did. Because, queerly, the voice went on.

Dazed she listened to it, then, like her mother, jumped from her chair to cry, "Oh, Daddy!"

And there, unbelievably, he was, his arms around her mother, repeating over her head the rest of his speech. "And now I call on the youngest representa-

tive of the clan to propose the toast to the eldest. Young Bob, it's all yours."

For the first time in their history it was never proposed, drowned out in the conflicting babel of surprise and welcome. Like an echo of her mother, Pamela ran to him. In that instant she received the second great shock of the evening. For behind her father, grinning at her from the half shadows of the hall, was Alec.

Pamela closed her eyes deliberately. It couldn't be true. She had been thinking of him so much and wanting him so much that it was an optical illusion. She opened her eyes and he was still there. Her father gave a backward nod. "Young Alec here's been hanging around the airport all afternoon, bound he'd be on hand to buzz me home if I made it. Good thing he was. I wanted to announce my own arrival by walking in on you. So what about some dinner?"

Opal came beaming in from the kitchen with two heaping plates.

"Come on, fella," Pamela's father said. "Draw up."

"Thanks," Alec said, "but I'm overdue at my aunt's. If you don't mind, I'll give her a call and let her know I'm on my way."

As Pamela steered him toward the telephone they heard her father saying, "Great lad, that."

The great lad grimaced sheepishly at Pamela and set one finger on the dial. "Do I get to tell them you'll be coming along with me, now that the wanderer's home?"

Pamela drew a deep breath. She heard her father's voice and peals of laughter coming from the dining room. Only a few minutes ago she had twisted with the pain of thinking that she would never hear it again like that. Now he was actually here, and the house was brimming with happiness, as it always was when he was in it. Because of this last twenty-four hours she knew that it did make a difference if even one member of a family was missing at a time like this.

She looked at Alec, waiting, and said the hardest thing she had had to say until now. "I'd love to, but I—I think I'd better stay with my people."

He finished dialing, and as he lifted the telephone said, "Okay."

The casualness of it was like a slap in the face. She was fiercely glad that she hadn't given herself away by grabbing at the chance. You never knew where you were with men like Alec. She turned to go back to the security and comfort of the dining room, but he caught her arm and held her there while he made explanations and promises to his aunt.

"Yes. Within five minutes," he said.

Within five minutes, Pamela thought aching, he would walk out to the door and be gone. Footsteps in the snow, going but not returning. Tomorrow he would fly south, and she would never see him again. She cared but he didn't. He talked to every girl the way he did to her, but it was only his line.

He banged the telephone back in its place. "I'll have to make like a rocket to get there," he said. "But first, have a look at this." He fished in a pocket and brought out a slip of paper. She glanced at it without comment. "Don't you get it?" he asked.

"It's your plane ticket."

Continued on page 56

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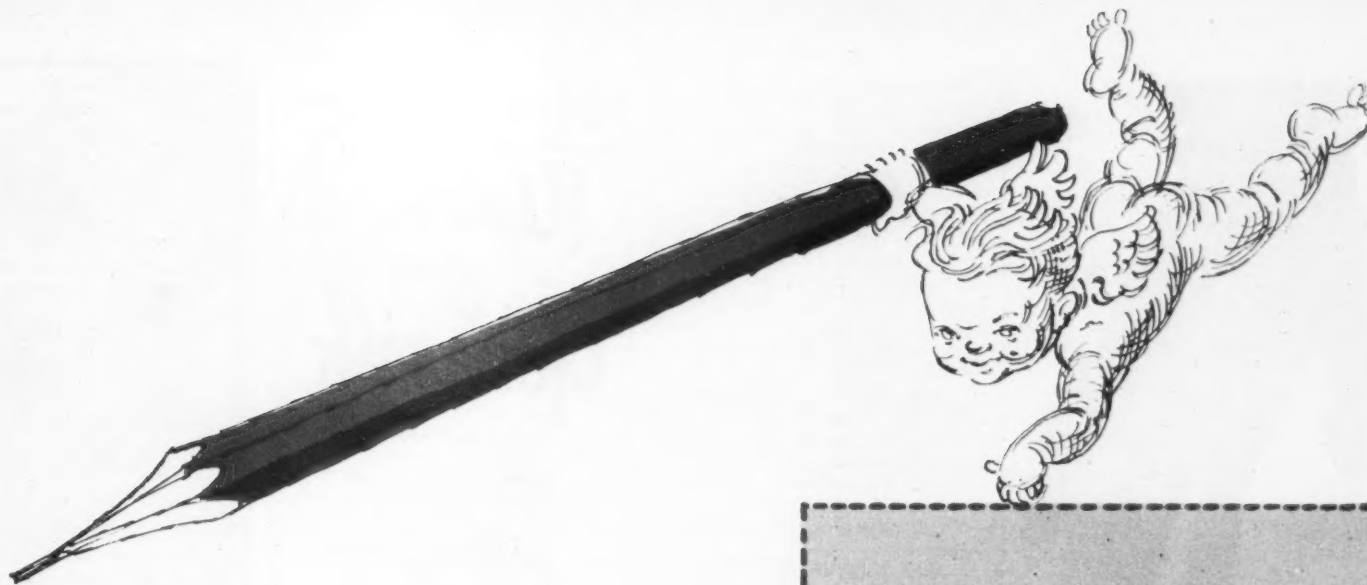
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FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER SINCE 1860

Continued from page 53

"Sure it is. But get a load of that." He pointed with an insistent finger. "Read it. Out loud."

"Flight twenty, December twenty-seven—" she began. "That's wrong!" "Wrong nothing." He reached for it and held it with her hand still clutching it. "As soon as I knew you couldn't come tonight I nearly pulled the airline apart to have my reservation changed." The ice in her veins suddenly changed to racing fire. "I'd pull a lot of other things apart, too," Alec went on, "rather than miss the large and handsome evening with you that I've been counting on ever since you shot through that revolving door practically into my arms."

It was the hall that seemed to be revolving around her now.

"With my hat over one ear," she said shakily.

"Cutest little armful I ever saw," Alec said. "And you haven't changed a bit since then." He pulled her toward him, so close that the rough tweed of his overcoat almost scratched her cheek. She felt as if his eyes, rather than his hand had drawn her. Then, bafflingly, his attention seemed to be distracted.

"What is it?" she said.

Immediately his eyes glowed into hers again. "Don't you have any mistletoe around this house?" he said.

Pamela swayed toward him. "Do you need any?" she asked. This was the most wonderful Christmas she had ever had. +

I'M OVER FORTY . . .

Continued from page 19

off. Controlled diet and exercise work wonders. After counting calories for six weeks, I feel better. My skirt does up easily and there's a resurgence of pep in the old chassis. I have two new satisfactions. One is a figure whittled down to shape and the other is self-discipline. If I can give up pastry and cocktails, if I can bicycle on the floor three times a day, I can do anything. The sense of inadequacy vanishes. I'm pretty good, I think, as I slip into a size sixteen again.

Clothes are important now. Good clothes, simple and with a minimum of furbelows, lending dignity and sophistication. If I don't have those qualities at forty plus, when am I going to achieve them? My hair's straggly and looks like salt-and-pepper tweed. I have it cut short and marvel at the effect of an upsweep and the sudden beauty of silver plumes at the temples. I study softer effects in make-up. My eye doctor tells me that I, who never wore glasses until four years ago, now need bifocals.

"The muscles are hardening. It often happens at your time of life."

My time of life! It's a challenge.

"All right," I tell him. "Instead of bifocals give me two separate pairs. One for reading and the other for distance." And no more tortoise-shell frames. There's a rainbow of color to choose from. I'll take one peachy pink and one in greyish blue.

These are all concrete steps out of the ditch. There are other and harder ways of pulling out of the morass. After hitching my socks up and improving ap-

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—BY DOREEN WALKER



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pearance, I turn to the man in my life. Tentatively I mention the sensations of middle age, the regret for lost youth. To my surprise, he knows what I'm talking about. He's feeling it too. The bonds forged in early struggles, in babies and trouble, in good times and bad, are suddenly strengthened. The things I can't face alone disappear when we share them. At a particularly low ebb, I suddenly phone the office.

"How about taking me out to dinner?"

"Fine, I'll meet you . . ." and he does. We find more than illusion in shaded lights, we find the good conversation of two who are friends.

Many women of forty plus feel they've served their time in the domestic galleys. I greatly admire the schoolmarm who go back to teaching, the clever woman who starts her own business, the housewife who has a head for figures and pulls three defunct charities out of the red. They respect themselves and are respected by others.

But there are other pursuits a woman can follow at home. One forty-five-year-old has taken up painting and is happier than she's been in years. Another finances an annual trip to New York with home sewing. The woman who helps me out on parties and cooks like a dream has four growing youngsters at home. These are part-time jobs, sparetime occupations, to widen the narrowing horizons.

You can do anything in the forties, I know. I'd always wanted to write. I'd read omnivorously since I could remember. Five years ago I wrote and sold my first short story. Since then I've sold almost forty to Canadian magazines, including *Chatelaine*, and American magazines including the *Saturday Evening Post*. This, I hasten to add, is no hobby. It's work and tearing yourself to pieces at a typewriter long after the family's asleep. It's making words work for you and learning the craft of writing. It's being ecstatically miserable while a story's woven and being dejectedly miserable when the writing won't come. But if there's any satisfaction like pulling a plot and its characters out of thin air and pinning them down on paper, I don't know what it is.

Another step is uncluttering life. Very deliberately, over the past few months, I've eliminated the things that waste time. I find I can't work with help in the house so I've narrowed it down to a cleaning woman once a week.

What money I save goes on little excursions. A week end's skiing with the family, a dinner to celebrate something special. I avoid people who bother me. I cut out parties that bore. I don't bare to do anything I don't want to do. I've reached the age where I'm referred to as eccentric instead of a pain in the neck. This is another unlooked-for dividend of forty plus.

On my fiftieth birthday I'll look back on ten years and wonder if they were milestones or millstones. I couldn't pooh-pooh them. They're very real — their problems, the physical slowing-up and grey pall of gloom. No one will ever convince me it's all in my mind. Yet, in a way, I'm still growing up. I'm learning new self-discipline and making new adjustments, like an adolescent in reverse. I won't hug the forties in memory and I'd gladly have skipped them, but I'm plugging through them. +



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BOY WHO UNDERSTOOD

Continued from page 17

of a boy being raised a Patten?

Nettie talked to him, asking him all the questions she could think of, until he began to fidget. Then she gave him the dollar and told him if he wanted he could come weed in her truck patch the next day.

That night she told Sheriff Clay Carter what had come to her mind. The sheriff lived with his mother on down the road, and he'd taken to stopping by once in a while now that Nettie was all alone in the big place.

He heard her through. Then, squinting at her in the shadowy darkness of the old-fashioned front porch, he said, "You mean you're aiming to adopt the boy, or just give him room and board as a hired hand?"

"Take him in," Nettie answered. "He'd be company for me, alone in this big house. And he's not lazy like the other Pattens. It's just natural he'd do the chores."

"Be an act of charity in a way, I guess."

"One less mouth for Hi Patten to feed. Or for the county to feed. I should say, and the church ladies. Hi's never worked enough to feed a sparrow, let alone his five young ones and Sim besides." Nettie looked at the red glow that was Clay's cigar. "Be a blessing for Sim, too. Put a decent roof over his head and give him something besides a loafer like Hi to model after. And he's so thin right now you can count every rib through those rags he wears."

As if he wasn't talking to anyone in particular, the sheriff said slowly, "I don't know but it might be more of a blessing if somebody gave some work to Maude Patten so she could feed all those kids. Hi's no good, no doubt about that, but Maude'd try."

"Nobody's ever seen any signs of it." Nettie's chair creaked in the darkness.

"Folks won't give her a chance. What could she do but housework, and she wouldn't even exactly know how to do that, I guess, not the way the nice ladies of Rockport do it. She'd have to lug that baby along besides, so who'd trouble to show her? Might be a real kindness if somebody took a different stand."

There was silence. A cricket chirped, loud and fast because the evening was warm. From somewhere nearby, a tree frog answered. Nettie said crisply, "I don't mean to take on the whole family. One less mouth to feed ought to help."

The sheriff chewed on his cigar. "You ask Sim about it yet?"

"Tomorrow. He's coming to weed."

Looking out next morning, she noted with satisfaction that Sim showed up bright and early. After he had weeded a row or two, she walked out to where he was. Both elbows and one shoulder showed through the ragged shirt, but his hair was slicked back and neat.

"Sim," said Nettie, "how would you like to live here?"

Sim squatted on his heels and looked up. "You mean, be the hired man, like?"

"No, I mean just live here, with me." Somehow, the question rankled a little, just as it had when Clay Carter asked it, so she answered rather more abruptly than she had meant to. "School takes up soon. You could go from here."

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Sim still looked at her. "You mean sleep here and everything?"

Nettie nodded. Sim tugged at a deep-rooted weed, pulled it out, and threw it aside. "I guess it'd be all right," he said finally. "Home, there isn't enough beds to go around. Not since Jode and Marcy and Loubelle." He gave Nettie a shy, confiding smile.

Maybe it wasn't exactly the answer Nettie had in mind but it wasn't an argument, either. And something about the smile made a warm spot inside of her where nothing at all had ever been before. So later in the day she went downtown and found Hi Patten sitting on one of the iron benches in front of the courthouse.

"You mean, you want the boy?" he asked when Nettie had finished.

Nettie nodded, although she didn't quite like the way he put it. "That's a big house, and Sim's a good boy. He'd be company for me."

Hi rubbed his hand over his face as though wiping something away. "You aim to pay me anythin'?"

"Certainly not!" Nettie said indignantly. "I'm not trying to buy the child! I'm offering him a good home, clothes and food and schooling."

Hi Patten blinked his small black eyes and scrunched his shoulders down a little more. "Sim's fourteen. Law says he's got to go two more years t'school, so he ain't much good to me nohow. He wants to go, he can."

So Nettie got back into her small coupe and went out to talk with Maude Patten, who stood in the open doorway of the two-room shack with baby Jode, smelling richly of sour milk, astride one hip. Even at that, even in a sagging skirt and cotton waist that would probably never come clean again, she looked more alert than Hi. Nettie thought about what Clay Carter had said, then dismissed it firmly.

"Anybody who'd want a kid around just to be wantin'." Maude shook her head wonderingly. Then her light blue eyes looked straight at Nettie. "You got a lotta chores around that place?"

"It's natural a boy should do some chores," Nettie answered shortly. "He'll get his schooling, though. And food and warm clothes."

Maude shifted baby Jode to the other hip. "You ask Hi."

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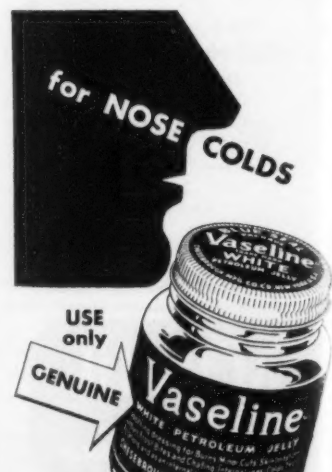
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Sim nodded uncertainly, his dark eyes on hers.

"You're not to take them any more food. Hi should take care of them, anyway. You don't have to."

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"You said food, ma'am," Sim answered reasonably.

"Linens and household things cost money, too. I can't afford it."

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Clay asked, "The Pattens going to be there, too?"

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"Oh," said Clay. "Well, thanks very much. Mother will be pleased."

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Sim still looked at her. "You mean sleep here and everything?"

Nettie nodded. Sim tugged at a deep-rooted weed, pulled it out, and threw it aside. "I guess it'd be all right," he said finally. "Home, there isn't enough beds to go around. Not since Jode and Marcy and Loubelle." He gave Nettie a shy, confiding smile.

Maybe it wasn't exactly the answer Nettie had in mind but it wasn't an argument, either. And something about the smile made a warm spot inside of her where nothing at all had ever been before. So later in the day she went downtown and found Hi Patten sitting on one of the iron benches in front of the courthouse.

"You mean, you want the boy?" he asked when Nettie had finished.

Nettie nodded, although she didn't quite like the way he put it. "That's a big house, and Sim's a good boy. He'd be company for me."

Hi rubbed his hand over his face as though wiping something away. "You aim to pay me anything?"

"Certainly not!" Nettie said indignantly. "I'm not trying to buy the child! I'm offering him a good home, clothes and food and schooling."

Hi Patten blinked his small black eyes and scrunched his shoulders down a little more. "Sim's fourteen. Law says he's got to go two more years t'school, so he ain't much good to me nohow. He wants to go, he can."

So Nettie got back into her small coupe and went out to talk with Maude Patten, who stood in the open doorway of the two-room shack with baby Jode, smelling richly of sour milk, astride one hip. Even at that, even in a sagging skirt and cotton waist that would probably never come clean again, she looked more alert than Hi. Nettie thought about what Clay Carter had said, then dismissed it firmly.

"Anybody who'd want a kid around just to be wantin'." Maude shook her head wonderingly. Then her light blue eyes looked straight at Nettie. "You got a lotta chores around that place?"

"It's natural a boy should do some chores," Nettie answered shortly. "He'll get his schooling, though. And food and warm clothes."

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"I've already asked him. He said it was up to Sim."

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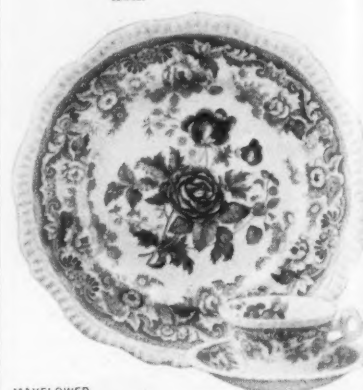
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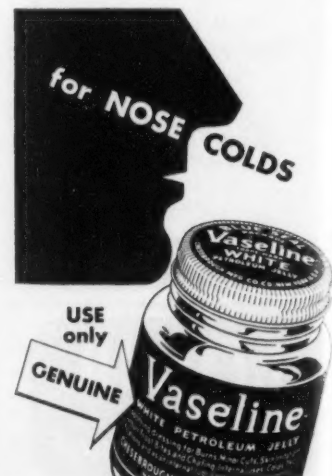
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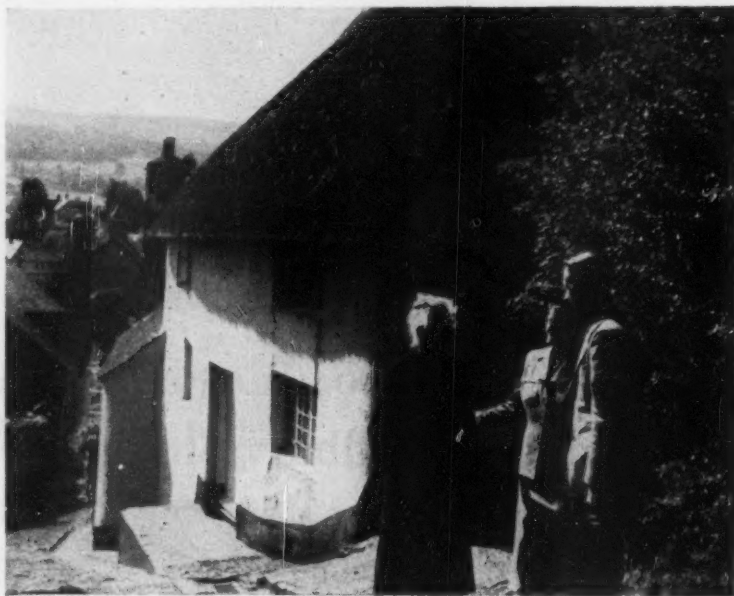


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Fourth in a series

PLAN YOUR HOUSEKEEPING

Wednesday is for special jobs

By MARIE HOLMES *Director Chatelaine Institute*

AS YOU GO about your daily housework you'll find many a job you would like to do—if you "had time." Rather than let these jobs accumulate into a worrisome enormous pile why not fit them, a few each week, into your regular housekeeping plan? Set aside one day just for "special jobs."

This way you can keep your refrigerator fresh, your stove clean and your silver bright with a minimum of effort. Some tasks like washing a pair of drapes, cleaning a cupboard, shampooing a chair covering need only be tackled occasionally but they belong in the special job lists, too. Jot them down as you think of them or when you do your pad-and-pencil planning each week. Here we suggest Wednesday for special jobs after the washing and ironing on Monday and Tuesday.



Shampooing upholstery is best done by itself when there's not much heavy cleaning to do. Brush, then vacuum the covering. Remove any grease spots with carbon tetrachloride. Prepare a thick foam with warm water and mild detergent. Apply foam with a soft cloth to a small area, rubbing well. With another cloth, well wrung out in clear water, rub area again. (If in doubt about material try an inconspicuous spot first.) Repeat until all material is cleaned. Set chair near open window in draught or use electric fan to dry surface quickly.



Turning shirt collars, mending a torn sheet, replacing the binding on a blanket are household mending jobs to set aside for a Wednesday. You can do a number of these quickly when you have your sewing machine set up.

Refrigerator cleaning is a job you may find necessary weekly or every other week—but do it before you shop for your weekly food supplies. Remove everything from shelves. Wash and dry shelves. Defrost, if necessary, then wipe inside surfaces with a solution of baking soda and water (1 tablespoon soda to 1 quart water). Wipe with cloth rinsed in clear water, then dry. Some modern refrigerators have a low drip tray. Be sure to wash this regularly. Wash refrigerator outside surface with mild soap and water, then polish.



Your oven needs cleaning at least every other week. You might alternate this with cleaning the refrigerator. Remove racks; wash with detergent and warm water. If stained, use a scouring pad. Wash enameled interior of oven with detergent or baking soda and, if extra greasy, use a mild abrasive. Remove burned-on food as soon as possible. The top and outer surface of your stove can be kept clean and new-looking by light daily washing (see *Everyday Chores* in this series in *October Chatelaine*). Burners of gas range and some electric elements can be removed to clean plate underneath.



House plants should be cared for methodically if they are to thrive and add beauty to your home. On your "special jobs" day assemble the plants on the kitchen table protected by newspapers. Remove dried leaves, water plants and give any specially required attention. Wipe off containers before putting plants back in window boxes or on window sills.



Clean silver on a large, newspaper-covered table. Use a good polish, rubbing up and down on hollowware pieces. Wash and dry with soft cloth. To prevent tarnish, store large pieces in chest or buffet with camphor cakes sold for this purpose.



Next month:
On Thursday we clean upstairs

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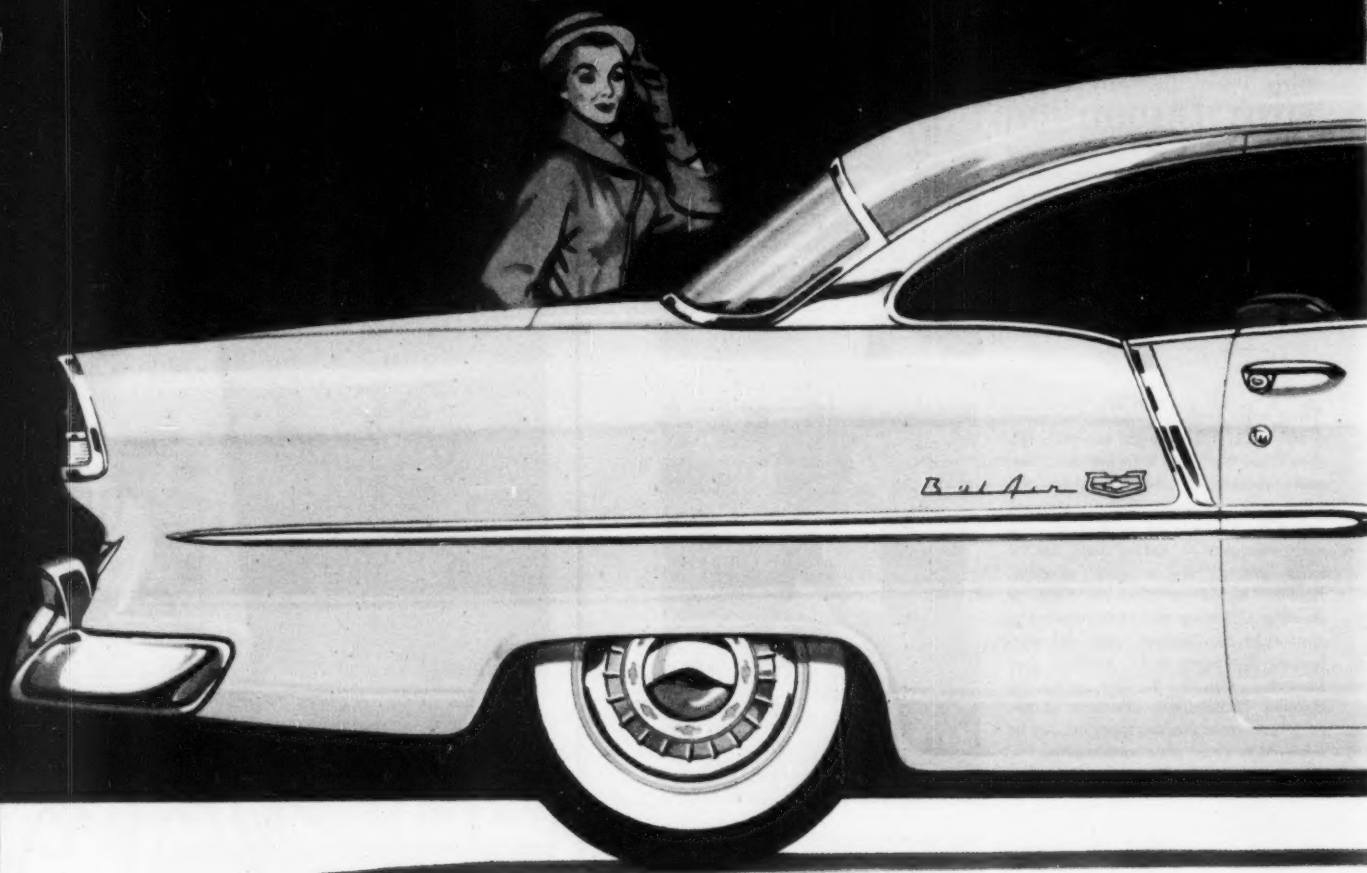
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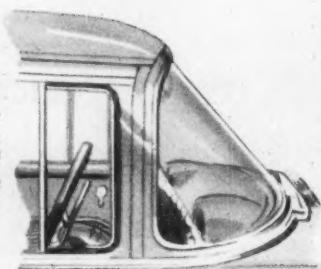
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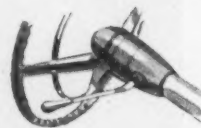
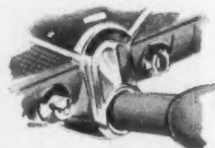
**SWEEP-SIGHT WINDSHIELD WITH
FOUR-FENDER VISIBILITY!**

Chevrolet's new Sweep-Sight Windshield curves around to vertical corner posts, giving you a wider view of the road ahead. Rear and side windows are bigger, too. And you can see all four fenders from the driver's seat!



**EASIER STEERING,
STOPPING, CLUTCHING!**

The new Chevrolet steers with ball bearing ease, thanks to new, friction-cutting Ball-Race Steering. New Pivot-Type Brake and Clutch Pedals swing downward with a light pressure of your toe. They pivot at the top, leaving the floor free and clear!



**THREE DRIVES,
INCLUDING OVERDRIVE!**

Take your choice of the finest, best engineered drives in automotive history. There's Powerglide — now even smoother, quieter and thriftier — teamed with the new V8 or the new "Blue-Flame 136". There's new Overdrive teamed with the new V8 or the new "Blue-Flame 123". (Powerglide and Overdrive are extra-cost options.) And there's a new and finer standard transmission offered in combination with either the new V8 or the "Blue-Flame 123". All in all, it's the greatest choice going!

low-cost motoring!

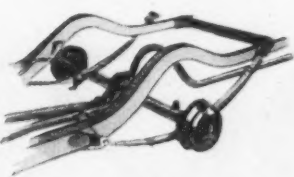


The exciting, new Bel Air Sport Coupe. A General Motors Value

the motoramic Chevrolet for 1955

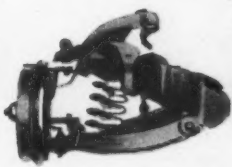
TUBELESS TIRES AS STANDARD EQUIPMENT!

You get this great tire advance at no extra cost in all 1955 Chevrolets! Proved tubeless tires give you greater protection against a blowout... deflate more slowly when punctured. Add new safety to Chevrolet's great new ride.



NEW OUTRIGGER REAR SUSPENSION!

Rear springs are longer — and on 1955 Chevrolet they are now mounted at the outside of the frame. This means they're spaced wider apart, outrigger fashion, to give you greater stability in cornering. To make your going even smoother, Chevrolet's new Hotchkiss drive cushions road shocks through the rear springs!



NEW GLIDE-RIDE FRONT SUSPENSION!

New spherical joints flex freely, cushion road shocks—give new smoothness and stability. New Anti-Dive Braking Control — assures "heads up" stops.



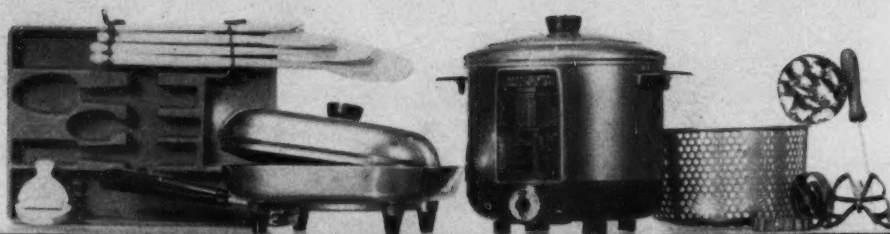
A VENTILATING SYSTEM THAT REALLY WORKS!

Chevrolet's new High-Level Air Ventilating System takes in air at hood-high level, away from road heat, fumes and dust. You enjoy better ventilation, fresh, new comfort come rain or shine!

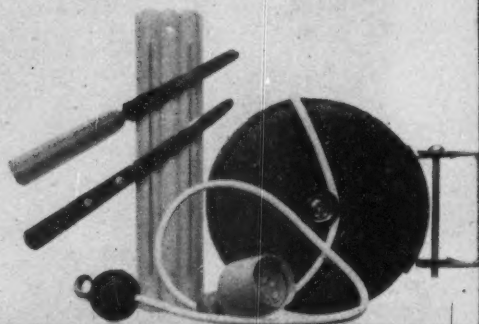
There's all
this and more
for you
in the new

motoramic
Chevrolet

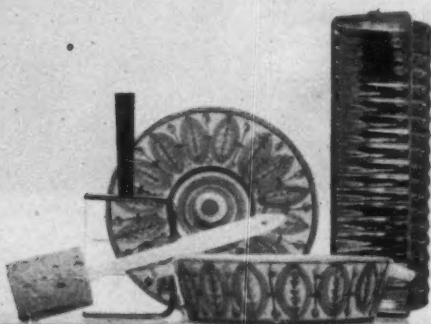
Look What's Happening to Living



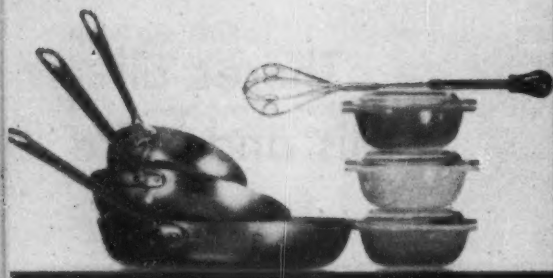
The little light-colored gadget at the far left squeezes lemon slices, minus squirts in your eye. The molded drawer tray beside it practically sorts your knives, forks and spoons for you. A set of old-fashioned wooden cooking spoons is still a must in any well-regulated kitchen. Automatic, plug-in electric utensils take the guess out of cooking—and the two big ones in the centre, a frying pan and deep-fat fryer and broiler, have cooking temperature charts printed right on them. Set the dial and your troubles are over. The decorative waffle irons at the far right are an import from Europe, one of many old-country cooking aids you'll see that will stir your culinary imagination.



Magnetic holder gathers knives together, here supports special grapefruit knives. Wooden butter-pat mold is stocking-toe gift and fun to use for fancy dinners. Indoor clothesline, compact as a camera, has plastic-covered line, can be set up anywhere and rewinds itself when unhooked again.



Cellulose long-handled dish mop is the answer to dishpan hands. Neat wire cutter slices cheese as easily as butter. Swedish pottery casserole is gay with peasant design and will stand both oven and slow top-of-stove heat. Copper mold prettifies a kitchen and turns out glamorous desserts easily.



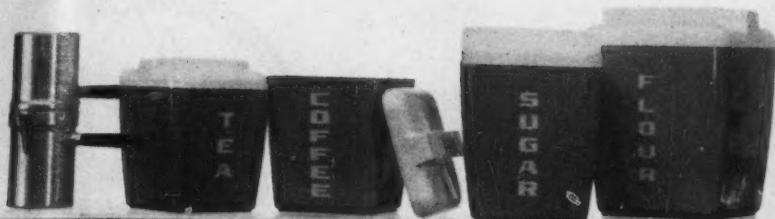
Copper-bottomed frying pans with long brass handles are ornamental note for kitchens that bring pots out in the open. Individual baking dishes have clear glass lids, come in harmonizing colors. Atop is a handy little rotary whip that foams up an egg with a simple downward thrust.

Be Gadget-Happy this Christmas

They're pretty, practical and as useful as an extra pair of hands around your kitchen. Some you can buy for pennies, others for dollars, but each has its own brand of magic to make your homework bright and easy

By MARGARET NEWCOMBE





An old-time European drip coffee-maker is teamed with new plastic containers. It's a neat coffee-making arrangement—boiling water in one end, coffee sieve amidships, flip the whole thing upside down and pour coffee for two out of the other pot. Plastics bring color to our kitchens. You can make yours as bright and gay or as soft and subtle as you want by choosing inexpensive plastic accessories in a co-ordinated color line, in everything from salt shakers to bread boxes. Look for clean smooth designs with no dirt-catching edges.

WERE all pushovers for gadgets. They intrigue our imagination. We can appreciate the kind of mind that grapples with a problem and solves it—with a gadget. It delights us to find technical ingenuity all wrapped up in capsule form, ready to use. And since we live in an age of scientific and industrial know-how, gadgets are better than ever.

The other delightful thing about gadgets is the discovery that some of them are ages old and that the original idea was so good nobody has been able to improve on it.

Men, as much as or more than women, are fall guys for them, so there shouldn't be much difficulty persuading your husband that these labor-saving devices make good Christmas gifts. And some of them are so attractive and decorative, when you look at them you will want to give them to your friends.

On the one hand, the new world of plastics and wonder metals has given us clear singing colors that can't help but brighten our household tasks. Our modern idea of function has streamlined the shapes to pleasing proportions. On the other hand, old-world contrivances present a charming appearance that fits right into our renewed conviction that our kitchen is a part of our living, not just working, space.

Even larger items show signs of a gadgeteer's aim—to make your job easier, quicker and more pleasant. Copper-bottomed cooking pots lend a lovely lustre to the kitchen wall but copper's useful purpose is to spread an even cooking heat. Stainless steel—latest material to step into pots and pans—buries an inner copper core for the same reason. Aluminum pots follow the early principle of cast-iron pans that retain an even heat for long periods, but are lighter and more compact in shape. Oven dishes of glass, pottery, even steel, that can be transferred direct from stove to buffet table for our informal type of entertainment, come in as many different patterns as flowers in a garden.

Electrical plug-ins are legion. Mixers, grinders and blenders reduce a tiresome chore to a matter of minutes and transform leftovers into soups, appetizers, sandwich spreads and meat loaves, like a fairy god-mother. Foolproof for even careless cooks are the new automatic frying pans and deep-fat cookers. You can roll cookie shapes off a wheel, unscrew stubborn jar tops with the turn of a handle, whip up a teaspoonful of cream, with—literally—the downward flick of a wrist.

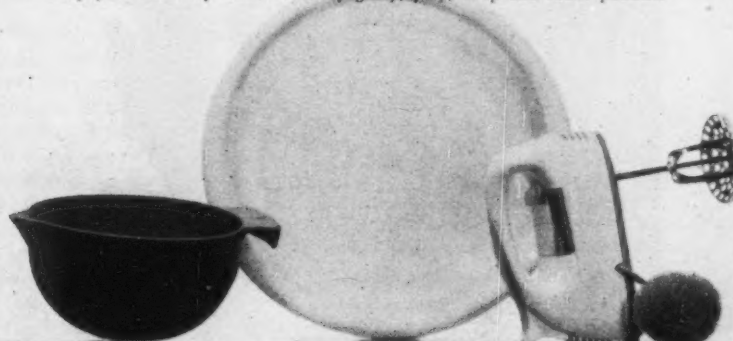
The beauty of it all is, you can afford to be gadget-happy. There's one of these handy helpers sized for every Christmas sock and purse.

Photos by Peter Croydon

Useful objects can be fun, too. Obviously happy with pogo-stick chopper and rotary whip, our housewife model has solid support in background. The ironing board, of light-weight metal, sets to six different heights for sit-down ironing, has ingenious rubber rollers that bring hard-to-reach corners to you, not vice versa. Old-fashioned housekeeping lore is translated into modern dress in the corn brooms, still sturdiest of kitchen and porch sweepers, but all tricked out in brightest of colors.



The Dutch oven, time-tested idea, makes a streamlined appearance in one of the latest materials, stainless steel. Heat-resistant glass baking dishes follow up the color-gay trend. Egg-boiling holder avoids cracked shells and spoon-searching moments. A doughnut-maker pumps out perfect circles and children love to work it. The littlest saucepan at far right is a spoon-rester and will help to keep your stove-top clean of messy gravy, jelly, soup and sauce puddles.



More plastic-form contributions again in the squeezeable mixing bowl with pouring lip and hang-up handle and in the soft-surfaced wash basin that is kind to delicate silks, precious china—even to babies. The handy electric hand mixer and beater sits up like an iron, is light to hold and can be plunged into a variety of bowls. Nestling beside it is a nylon pot-cleaner that cleans almost anything without scratching and is so easily rinsed out fresh and clean again under the tap.



Two-way vegetable peeler swivels to do a job both backward and forward, has green-bean slicer in handle. Aluminum wear is streamlined for efficiency and beauty these days, like frying pan and double boiler which has casserole top that can go from pot to table. A screw-top bottle opener that expands to fit most jar sizes is helpful gadget. The long chromium rack is a potato baker and conducts heat to potato centre. Oversized salt shaker is really clothes sprinkler.



Pick-up tongs save your fingers from scalds and burns. The pouring spout, complete with cork, for evaporated-milk tins, saves your temper. Fingered handles on new-styled stainless-steel double boiler are noteworthy. Molded, wooden rolling pin prints decorative designs on your sheet cookies. The spaghetti fork tongs beside it really get a grip on the elusive strings. Jar chopper with lid and wooden base solves onion-fume problem and keeps materials well in hand.



Christmas Gift



Presto Automatic Electric Coffee Maker

Beautiful "silversmith" finish makes the Presto Electric Coffee Maker a gift to enhance the most elegant table setting. Automatically perks coffee to exact flavor-strength you prefer . . . keeps it "serving-hot". See it at leading hardware, houseware and electrical stores everywhere in Canada.

1955 Brock Snyder Automatic Iron — Here Now

This streamlined designed iron is built for long service, yet priced at only \$9.95. Chromium plated. Heavy duty 1,000 watt element. Temperature thermostatically controlled. Weighs only 2½ lbs. Open-end Bakelite handle. Long wearing plastic cord attached. Guaranteed 1 year. At hardware and electrical stores. Or write Brock Snyder Mfg. Co. Ltd., Grimsby, Ontario.



Even the Person Who Has "Everything"

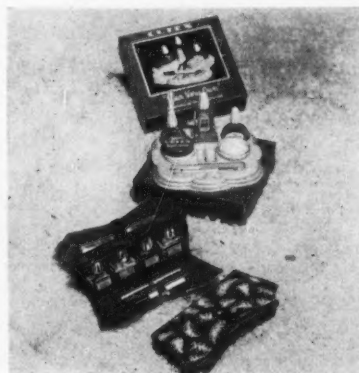
will welcome and treasure this exciting new Waterman's C/F. A cartridge-filled fountain pen — the only pen of its kind in the world! Requires no ink bottle — "loads like a gun — writes like a dream," with a cartridge of always-fresh, always-clean, liquid ink. Eight refills with every pen. Styled by Harley Earl, designer of the Cadillac. Light . . . perfectly balanced, gold color inlaid on black with choice of Waterman's hand-ground 14 Kt. gold points. \$15. Beautiful matching pencil \$7.50.



Give a Cyma Watch

The ability of the Swiss to combine mechanical perfection with exquisite artistry is best exemplified by Cyma watches. The ladies' models are so truly feminine; dainty, utterly fetching pieces of fine jewellery that keep perfect time and add allure to any costume. The men's models are totally masculine in their rugged construction and the virility of their design.

All good jewellers sell Cyma watches.



Merry Christmas Gifts by Cutex

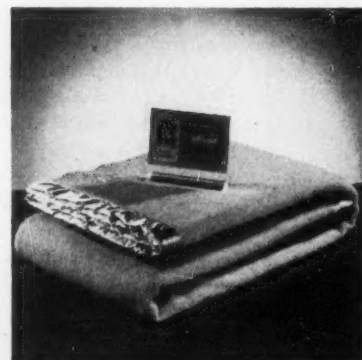
There's one to please every lady on your list!

"Your Very Own" . . . this pretty-as-a-picture dressing table set will delight every Junior Miss! Complete manicure set in plastic boudoir tray. \$3.00.

"Club Kit" . . . best travelling companion in the world! Smart leather manicure set. In sparkling red or luxurious black. \$6.00; others from 89c to \$7.00.

Kenwood All-Wool Blankets

Let those special gifts be KENWOOD BLANKETS this year — for *lasting* gifts of usefulness and beauty. There's still no substitute for KENWOOD'S pure, new-wool fibres, deeply napped to give night-long warmth without weight as *only all-wool can!* And there's no substitute for KENWOOD'S flower-garden colours which remain fresh and bright after years of time and tubbings. In single colours or tone on tone.



If Your Man is a "Bluebeard"

Every man knows there is no substitute for the smooth, morn-to-mid-night face freshness of a brush and lather shave. And there's no substitute either for a Simms Shaving Brush . . . so beautifully balanced . . . so gently efficient with its pure Siberian Badger Hair . . . so enduring with its years of faithful service. For years of shaving ease and velvety face comfort, give your man a Simms for Christmas.

Smartly gift boxed and priced to suit every need . . . from \$1.00 to \$150.00



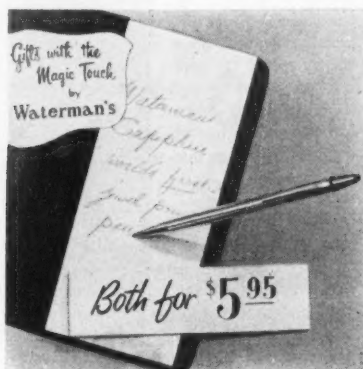
Suggestions

Gift Ensembles

Canada's loveliest sheets are such a delight to give and to receive.

Tex-made's latest innovation—flower bordered sheets and slips that will brighten up every bed. White with flowers in a choice of 4 colours to match your rooms—handsomely packaged and boxed.

Also Tex-made's Combed Percale Ensemble of one sheet and two pillowslips in white or 6 soft, petal-tone colours: blue, yellow, pink, green, mauve or peach. A luxury item for every home.



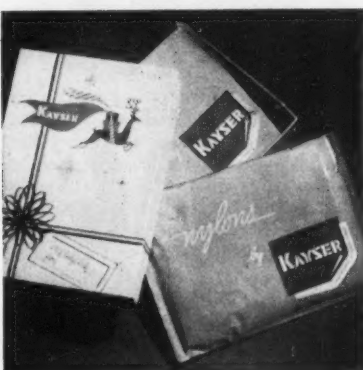
Give Meaning To Your Christmas Wishes —

with this lasting gift—Waterman's Sapphire, world's first jewel point pen! Exclusive retractable mechanism. Rolled gold plate. Slim, weighs less than an ounce. Packaged for presentation in smart purse "Secretary" for ladies, and in rich, simulated leather wallet for men. Choice of colors. Truly an ideal personal or business gift. Only \$5.95!

Philishave Electric Shaver

He's going to love you for this—any man would! Philishave's self-sharpening, spinning rotary blades whisk beard away in seconds, leaving skin smooth and clean, without irritation. 15-day free home trial.

Choose PHILISHAVE, the world's favorite electric shaver. Price \$27.95.



Lovely Kayser Nylons

for the lovely ladies on your Christmas list. In the sparkling new Christmas Gift Package at \$3.00 containing two pairs of Kayser luxury sheer Evelon 60/15 nylons for glamorous evening wear. Each pair is wrapped in its own reusable plastic envelope. Other Kayser hosiery from \$1.25 a pair—gift packaged 4 pairs to a box.



Christmas by Candlelight

And there's no more delightful way to watch a flickering taper glow than in a gracefully styled Dolphin candlestick by Wedgwood! Charming reproductions of the most playful pets in the sea—you can imagine what an enchanting gift a pair would make for someone special on your list. Sold at exclusive china shops and leading department stores. The colour of pale ivory—\$37.50 each.

Westinghouse Automatic Coffee Percolator

This new Westinghouse makes better coffee, faster! First, because a high-velocity water pump extracts essential oils better, locks in the full coffee flavor. Second, Westinghouse uses not one, but two controls. The second control keeps coffee fresh and hot for hours. There's no boiling—no after-perk—it's always at the one right temperature. Fully automatic too, coffee is always the same every time.



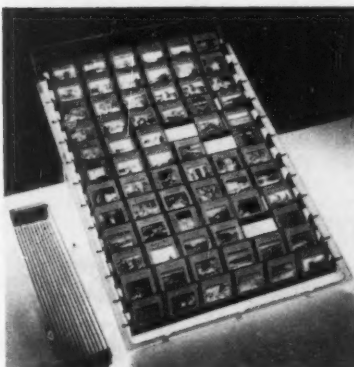
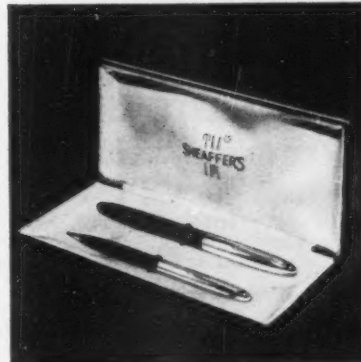
Westinghouse Food Mixer

For the fluffiest of pie toppings or the stiffest of fruit cake mixes, you'll find power to spare and a speed that's right in the Westinghouse Food Mixer. It's this EXTRA power . . . from a Westinghouse one-sixth-h.p. motor . . . that mixes ingredients so thoroughly, and to such perfect consistency.

Until she owns a Westinghouse, she'll never know how easy it is to prepare those recipes she's never dared to attempt by hand.

Sheaffer Crest Writing Set

For writing perfection—for artistic excellence—for distinguished Christmas gift giving . . . SEE THE FASCINATING NEW SHEAFFER "CREST" PEN AND PENCIL SET. Pen's SNORKEL feature which ends messy filling is exclusive with Sheaffer. Ink is sucked through a retractable tube and the 14K gold point you choose never touches the ink. Twosome is completed by a matching precision-built pencil. Popularly priced (\$31.50) at retail stores everywhere.



For Color Photo Enthusiasts!

The Envisor slide file provides an amazingly convenient method of filing 35 mm color slides.

The Envisor case holds filing racks which are expanded over a luminous plastic viewing frame and display 72 slides simultaneously.

A case with three such racks, holding 216 slides, sells for \$15.45.

Contact:

ENVISOR,
21 Winchester St.,
Toronto.

EASIER IRONING

**faster
and
smoother, too**

with

Smith

**IRONING
PADS
and
COVERS**



Take the hard work out of ironing! Use a Smith Ironing Pad and Cover.

See for yourself how Smith Ironing Pads and Covers cut ironing time; make ironing more pleasant, less tiring. There's a Smith Pad and Cover to fit your needs and your budget.

The perfect gift
for any baby ..



Softie
DIAPER RINSE

PREVENTS DIAPER RASH

Let **SOFTIE** help keep
that precious new baby
comfortable and happy!

Softie

Prevents diaper rash by eliminating the cause.
Makes diapers and all baby's things—towels, clothing, bedding—fluffy soft, easy to pin and fold.
Keeps diapers sweet and fresh with no trace of ammonia odour.
Get Softie from your own druggist.

Recommended and used by
leading Canadian hospitals
and pediatricians.



**ASSOCIATED
CHEMICAL**
Company of Canada
Limited, Toronto,
Ont.

WHY, IT'S
JUST LIKE
MOM'S!



Yes, every girl will thrill to a LLOYD doll carriage. It's built with the same care, the same fine materials that make mother's LLOYD the best carriage in the world. Such things as coil spring suspension, baked-on enamels, bright chrome plating and Lionide coverings put the LLOYD doll carriage in a class by itself. There are sizes and prices to suit all ages, all needs. Be sure to look for the LLOYD tag — your guarantee of a quality product.

Lloyd
DOLL CARRIAGES

YOUNG PARENTS

If Your Child Goes to Hospital

His acceptance of this strange new experience will depend on you

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., DIRECTOR, CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

THIRTY YEARS AGO hospitals were largely concerned with only the physical care of infants and children. Their mental and emotional needs were not much appreciated.

Dr. Harry Bakwin, a New York child specialist, caused quite a commotion in 1942 when he showed by actual measurements that babies who spend several months in hospital grew very poorly, despite excellent feeding, unless they were cuddled and mothered. So now that is routine in the baby wards and whiny, unhappy infants are given special attention. In recent years several groups of physicians have studied the effects of hospitalization on children and have suggested ways of making it less disturbing but we still have a lot to learn on these questions, especially in the one- to two-year-olds.

However, we already know a great many things that you, the child's mother, can do to help a youngster who is about to have a surgical operation. You should explain to him simply, briefly and repeatedly during the last few days before he goes into hospital just what is going to happen so that he will know what to expect. The older the child, the easier it is, and under twos will probably not get much out of even the simplest explanation. Tell him why the operation is necessary—for example to cure the pain in his tummy or to get rid of his bad tonsils, and get him to accept it as a necessity.

Never trick a child into going to hospital. One youngster, whose father told him he was to have only an examination but no operation, was far more upset by his father's lying than by his own physical discomfort. Tell him you and he will go to the hospital where there are dozens of nice nurses and doctors who like boys and girls and are there to help them get better again.

Tell him you will leave him alone when you are asked to go or when you must go home to look after the rest of the family, but that he can take two of his favorite toys with him for company. Tell him that the nurse will probably give him a bath and that he will have to miss one meal (likely breakfast) before the operation because eating it would make him feel worse. He may go up to the operating room in his own bed or on a narrow bed on wheels and then they'll probably put a cotton strap over him so he can't fall off. He'll go into an impressive white room where there will likely be several nurses and doctors in green or white gowns with cloth masks over their faces. The masks are so he won't catch any germs. One of the doctors will put him to sleep for a little while either by getting him to breathe in some nasty-smelling stuff on a thing over his nose

or by giving him a needle. He'll probably feel dizzy or queer or as if he were sinking as he goes to sleep, but that's nothing to be afraid of and he'll certainly wake up again.

When he is asleep under the anaesthetic he won't feel anything at all. When he does wake up, he'll feel funny at first, too, but you'll be there to see him and be sure you are! Your youngster needs the comfort of your presence when he comes "out." His tummy or his throat, or wherever the operation was, will be sore afterward but not for long. A good many tonsil patients are thrown into a panic when they cough up or spit out a little blood after the operation, so you had better warn him that this is quite to be expected. Tell him that he may have sides on his bed in the hospital to make sure he doesn't fall out, even though he has outgrown such things at home. If you will give him the idea that the bandages, casts, needles, medicine and so on are interesting experiences, even though uncomfortable in spots, he will accept them more readily. Patting, fondling and picking him up, if that is permissible in his condition, all help, although you should be governed by the age and wishes of your child. Reading to him and telling him stories help to keep his mind off his discomforts. An oversympathetic attitude may make him exaggerate his troubles and feel sorry for himself, which of course is one of the worst things he can do. If you develop a cold, sore throat or the flu you should stay away and let your husband go alone to visit him. Of course, the patient needs plenty of quiet and rest, especially at first. Particularly he needs to have all confidence in you. So don't sneak away, don't say you'll be back when you won't—and don't expect tears when you leave or you'll probably get them.

It has been reported that many youngsters from three to eight show at least a temporary increase in babyish and clinging behavior, restless sleep and self-comforting habits following the removal of their tonsils. In nearly one fifth of them, this lasted for three months but adequate discussion before the operation did make these aftereffects less marked and less prolonged.

Most modern children's hospitals are fundamentally happy places. As soon as the youngsters are able, they are given toys or started on some kind of handicraft that they fancy, either in their own bed or in the occupational therapy workshop; the teacher and the librarian come around with their books and equipment; often there are movies for them and Sunday school. No wonder many of the children today remember their stay in hospital as an interesting and memorable interlude. ♦



Your Youngster Will Love



This Cough Syrup!
with
VITAMIN C

Even the most stuffed-up, cough-torn little fellow will open his mouth eagerly for JACK and JILL Cough Syrup. And in no time happy little smiles will replace agonizing coughing.

You see, JACK and JILL is the kiddies' own special cough syrup. It was developed in the Buckley Laboratory with the special needs of youngsters in mind. The result is a tempting wild cherry flavor combined with soothing ingredients which relieve kiddies' coughs safely and lightning fast.

What's more, JACK and JILL helps replace Vitamin C, and thus increases your child's resistance to colds and infections.

JACK and JILL has so won the confidence of mothers everywhere that it is now the largest selling children's cough syrup in Canada. Sold everywhere — 50¢.

JACK and JILL

Cough Syrup for Children
For Children's Chest Colds Use
JACK and JILL RUB

Continued from page 59

the rest of the afternoon. It wasn't possible to believe that Hi Patten would have turned over a new leaf, and she knew of no one who had given any work to Maude. She considered mentioning it to Sim, just to see if he had heard anything, but when she got home there was supper to fix and the turkey to stuff for tomorrow's dinner, and she didn't like to keep reminding him of his old life with the Pattens anyway. In the end, she let it go.

And then, some time during the first part of December, Sim came home to announce that he had a part in the Christmas play.

She knew something important had happened to him when he came into the kitchen, later than usual and talkative, talking like a young magpie, which was not like Sim at all. She smiled, listening to him and watching the excitement in his eyes, and thought that it was just the way a boy would come to his own mother, bursting with news, needing to tell it all.

The play, and the party in the high school gymnasium afterward, was the biggest event of the school year, next only to graduation day. Sim would have five lines to speak, he would be a shepherd, he needed a costume, and the teacher would call Nettie. He slowed down after he told her that, as though it brought an uneasy thought to his mind. Then he offered to find out about the costume himself.

The days that followed were busy, happy ones. The first snows came and the big old house seemed bright and snug. Sim's excitement stayed with him, and his teacher sent home sketches of the costume he must have. Nettie dug among trunks and boxes in the attic until she found an ancient bathrobe to make it of. She followed the sketches carefully, using the sewing machine that had been her mother's, and they laughed together at the short, flapping skirts when she tried it on him. It was as though, somehow, life had become a little warmer for Nettie Meader.

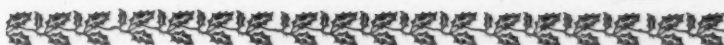
One afternoon nearer to Christmas, Clay Curter stopped by and invited himself to go to the play with her. Sim wasn't home yet. With his school work and the rehearsals besides, he often barely made it by suppertime. He had never mentioned her attending the play; she took that for granted.

"Sort of like to see how he gets along," Clay said. "Bet you're proud of him."

She had a feeling that there was more Clay Curter meant to say and did not, but she understood the compliment anyway. Clay was not a man to use words lightly.

On the morning of Christmas Eve, Sim set out for school with the costume in a paper bag and his eyes shining. She stood in the doorway for a moment and watched him open the front gate, latch it carefully and go striding off down the road. There was fresh new snow on the ground and the sunshine sparkled on it. A white Christmas. She had ordered a little radio for his room as a gift to Sim. It would be a Christmas he'd remember.

She went back into the house, conscious of its warmth and the faint fragrance of spices from the kitchen, and the fresh, clean scent of the small pine tree she and Sim had set up in the parlor. It was the first Christmas tree that had been in the house since



... EVEN MRS. **Santa Claus**
WANTS THIS GIFT!

She loves the polished silver-like beauty of genuine Super Health cast aluminum. Far more than that, she knows the garden-fresh flavour of vapour cooked vegetables—natural vitamins and minerals retained, never boiled out. **NO STEAM PRESSURE.** Bake pies—roast on top of the stove with far less fuel, much cooler kitchen. Every day, for years she'll thank you for your gift of Super Health.

A unit for every cooking need.



At leading hardware dealers across Canada.

NOW! Children's Size ASPIRIN

WITH A FLAVOUR YOUNGSTERS LOVE!

So Delicious, They Willingly...



CHEW IT—
or let it melt
on the tongue



DRINK IT—
dissolved
in water



MIX IT—
with their
food

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T.M. REG. IN CANADA

she was a child. On an impulse, she let the breakfast dishes go and went up to the attic for the old boxes of trimmings.

She had been checking the heavy, old-fashioned strings of lights, testing the bulbs, when the telephone rang and Ed Cass, the jeweler, told her about the watch. "I should have called you before," he apologized. "Don't know why I kept putting it off, except for the Christmas rush and all. Anyway, I gave him fifteen dollars for it."

Nettie took a quick breath of shock

and disbelief. "When?" she demanded. She remembered Sim's look of pure rapture when he first held the watch in his hand. "Are you sure it was Sim?"

"I sold you the watch, didn't I? It was—uh—day before yesterday, I think."

"Thank you," snapped Nettie. "I'll give you the money today."

Her hand shaking with anger, she put down the telephone. That was Sim's gratitude. She had done everything she knew to do for him, and he had turned out a Patten after all. He had sold

the watch just to get money. He was no good, sneaking and unreliable.

She looked at a string of colored lights hung over a chair and remembered about the Christmas tree. For Sim. She stared at it for a long time. It seemed childish and unimportant now.

Deliberately, making herself work calmly, she cleared up the breakfast things. Then she changed her dress and put on her good grey coat and hat, although she couldn't have told why just to go down to Ed Cass's. She was

leaving the house when Sheriff Curter let himself in through the gate. "Thought I'd find out what time to pick you up this afternoon," he said.

The thing Sim had done had driven all thought of the play from Nettie's mind. She had to stop and think about it. "It's at three o'clock."

"Oh. A little bit before then, I guess." Clay Curter's shrewd eyes were searching her face. "Can I drop you somewhere now?"

"You can," said Nettie, although it was not her way to ask for help or sympathy and her own coupe was in the garage. "At Cass's Jewelry. That boy sold back his watch for fifteen dollars."

Clay whistled. "What did he want that much money for?"

"I plan to find out," snapped Nettie, anger rising to the surface again. "As soon as I get the watch back. If he's taken the money out there—" Something in Clay's face made her pause. "No, it's been weeks since he's so much as mentioned the Pattens."

Clay Curter said slowly, "Sometimes a kid's loyalty, though . . ."

"What about loyalty to me, after all I've done?" Nettie went grimly down the walk, clean because Sim had shoveled the snow before breakfast, beside the sheriff. "If that's what it is—mind you, I don't think so, but if it is—he can go right back there to stay. I never intended to take on the whole family. I've told him that time and again."

The sheriff held the gate open for her. "Shall I go with you to get the watch?"

"Thank you," said Nettie. "Though I've never had trouble with Ed Cass yet, and he was good enough to call."

There was no trouble, although pride made Nettie wait until the store was empty of customers before she let Ed Cass give her the watch. She handed him the fifteen dollars without a word.

Then they were outside again, in sunshine that no longer seemed sparkling, just cold and bright. Nettie said, "I want to go out to the school, Clay, if you don't mind. I want to talk to that boy right now."

Clay looked at her and pushed his hat back on his head. "Well, there's no harm in getting some lunch first, is there?" he asked slowly. "I don't know about you, but I'm about starved."

There was no way she could refuse, although she wasn't hungry, and he insisted on going to the largest downtown restaurant. Then his friends kept stopping by to talk, and Clay himself didn't know what he wanted. It was two-thirty before they finally got started for the high school.

When they got to the school, people were already straggling in through the big double doors, laughing and talking, making a holiday of it.

In the hallway, crepe paper streamers and pine boughs had been strung everywhere. The grade school had let out early, and a handful of small children played a noisy game of tag. In a nearby room, choristers were practicing carols. Nettie paused outside the auditorium door. "It's getting close to time," she told Clay. "He'll likely be backstage. I'm going there and talk to him."

"Wait, Nettie. Couldn't you just wait until afterward?" She shook her head sternly and went on inside.

Behind the big stage, teachers and



Mrs. Dan Gerber

Claustrophobia is just a fancy word for what most of us know as a "hemmed-in" feeling. Sometimes little folks get that feeling too, even though they don't know what it is. So don't let your darling spend too much time cooped up in playpen or crib. Once baby begins to creep, let him out for certain periods. Exploring various nooks and crannies of a room will help develop a sense of freedom and independence. And baby will learn a lot about handling himself.

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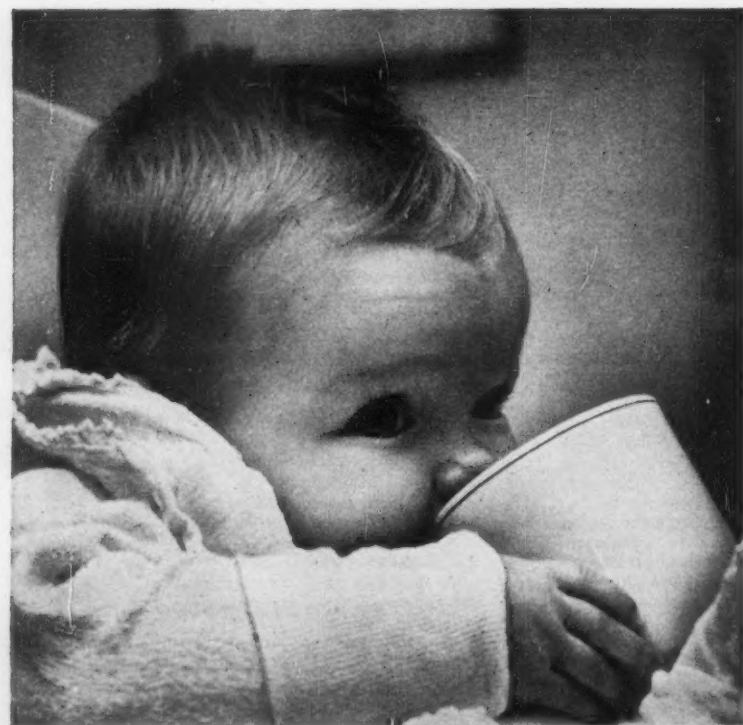
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children and flustered parents were milling and calling to each other. A group of mothers herded half a dozen small angels complete with cheesecloth wings and tinsel halos. Someone called, "Are there any more light bulbs? There has to be a light behind the manger." One of the angels began to cry and a woman bent anxiously over him. A man yelled, "Watch the ladder! Hey, look out for the ladder!" Nettie stepped back into the wings.

Then she saw Sim, coming from the other side in the shepherd's costume she had made. Another boy was beside him, and a youngish teacher walked with them, explaining something with long sweeps of her arm. Sim's face was all solemn concentration.

Nettie drew a deep, jerking breath. Holding the watch in her hand, her lips set in a tight line, she started forward.

Sim's face seemed to light up, to become transformed by the shine in his eyes. He smiled with such absolute delight that in spite of herself Nettie almost smiled back. And then Sim said, his voice running up and down in the surprising range it had lately, "Hi! Gee, hi there, everybody!"

He took a quick step toward the door through which Nettie had just entered. At the same instant that she saw the Pattens, Nettie realized that Sim hadn't seen her at all.

The Pattens were walking right in just like anyone else. After her first gasp, Nettie saw that Hi, shuffling along in that way he had, was carrying baby Jode, actually doing that much to help poor Maude. He was fresh-shaven, his chin looking whiter than his forehead from the novelty of it, and Jode's face was clean and his bonnet only slightly grey. Maude held a scrubbed-looking little girl by each hand, and the bright woolen scarf around her throat matched the obviously new hat she wore.

And Sim said proudly, "Miss Bonner! Miss Bonner, this is them! This is Ma and Uncle Hi, and Dave and Joe, and Marcy and Loubelle and Jode."

Each of the older children had new shoes and mittens. It was clear where the watch money had gone. And probably most of Sim's school money, too.

Nettie moved angrily out of the shadows.

Miss Bonner had been smiling pleasantly at all the little group around her. Now, suddenly, her smile deepened. "You must be so proud of him," she said.

Nettie trembled with fury. The Pattens could be proud of him indeed. Their hold had been the stronger. He had tricked her after all into taking on the whole family. Well, he could go back to them now, today.

Then, in the little vacuum of silence that followed the teacher's words, she realized that it was not the Pattens Miss Bonner was speaking to.

"I've been meaning to call and tell you," Miss Bonner went on in her clear young voice, "what a splendid thing it was to do, taking in a fine boy like Sim

Treasured beauty...

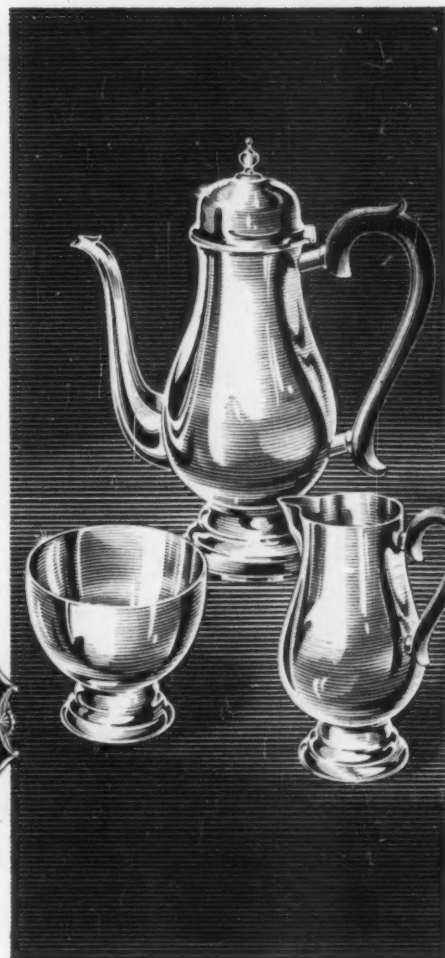
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and then showing him the way to help his own people. And leaving him free to spend what money he has exactly the way he would want to spend it." Miss Bonner held out her hand. "You've given a whole family a Christmas they will have forever," she added.

Nettie clutched her good black handbag in one hand; the other held Sim's watch. She looked at the hand held out to her, then down at the heads of the several small but reasonably clean Pattens. And she remembered something Clay Curter had said, *Maude'd try if folks gave her a chance.*

She looked at Sim. His face had colored uncomfortably but his eyes met hers and did not waver. She saw with sudden satisfaction that he was no skinnier, or at least not much, than the boy beside him. She had a sudden desire to touch his bony shoulder.

She said, "Here, Sim. This is yours." And she handed him the watch. Then she could take the hand Miss Bonner extended to her. "Thank you," she said. Her voice sounded odd so she said it again, more firmly. "Thank you."

The organ sounded the opening bars of a Christmas carol. Miss Bonner started. "Oh, boys!" she cried. "It's almost time. Come, we'll have to go."

But Sim didn't follow right away. He was staring down at the watch, frowning at it. Then he looked at Nettie. "You gave it to me," he said, his eyes searching hers. "For my own. You said so. You can do what you want with whatever's your own, can't you?"

"Yes." All the anger had drained out of Nettie now. She tried only to think of the right words. "It's still yours, Sim. I—want you to have it."

Someone had come up behind her, and when she glanced back and saw Clay Curter, she stepped closer to him without realizing that she did it. She went on talking to Sim. "If you want to ask the—your folks to come for Christmas dinner, it'd be all right." Thinking it all out and glancing at Maude Patten, who looked quickly away, she added, "It'd give me a chance to talk to them. I need more help around, now that school keeps you so busy."

All seven Patten faces turned toward her, absolutely blank with surprise. Then Hi ducked his head and tugged awkwardly at baby Jode's bonnet. But something happened to Maude's face that almost dared to be a smile. Then the whole family, as a group, scuffled away toward the door.

Miss Bonner cried, "Boys, please! Sim! Leonard! We really must . . ."

Still Sim hesitated. "Maude, she kind of hasn't got so much but just the kids and me," he said seriously, speaking only to Nettie. "So I call her my ma. See?" Watching him, Nettie nodded. He went on, scowling with earnestness. "So would it be all right if I just call you Mom, so folks'll know you and me, we've sort of got each other?"

Again, Nettie nodded. She couldn't have spoken, but she didn't need to. Sim gave her a quick, relieved grin.

Sheriff Curter put his hand on her arm. "We'd better go out front," he told her, "and try to find some seats."

Then, walking beside him, Nettie noticed something that had never happened before. Clay Curter had put his hand on her arm only to draw her attention but now he held it there, firm and deliberate, even though it wasn't necessary. ♦

CANADIAN CHRISTMAS

Continued from page 15

The couple went away and in a moment returned with candy, gift-wrapped in Christmas paper. For Peter there was a small rubber soldier. They put the parcels in the children's hands, said "Merry Christmas" and disappeared again before I could thank them.

I don't think it will sound sacrilegious if I say that for the only time in my life I had the feeling that Jesus had come to earth. There are words like humanity and brotherhood for it, but by themselves they don't convey enough. How can you be lost in a country that has such people?

The following Christmas my husband was with us. He had arrived early in June, still a sick and broken man as a result of those three months of torture. I had found him a job on a farm, where we thought the sunshine and fresh air would help him, and he had to leave for it the next day. We said hello to him one day and good-bye the next. It was very hard.

After he had worked on the farm for a while he came back to the city and took a job in a lumberyard.

The day before our second Christmas in Canada Zdenko came into the apartment with a Scotch pine. "Children," he called, "I want to introduce you to a Canadian Christmas tree. Canadian Christmas tree, meet the Hradsky children." We had never had a Scotch pine before, only fir and spruce.

Christmas in Czechoslovakia is very different from Christmas in Canada. Our Santa Claus is Saint Nicholas, a proud and dignified bishop in white and gold. He knocks on the door the evening of December 6 and comes in carrying a white sack with a gold crest. Behind him is a small hunched figure in black fur with a broom and a black bag. The children are waiting in a dim, candlelit room. If they have been good, Saint Nicholas gives them apples and nuts painted gold; if they haven't behaved, the black figure, which represents the devil, gives them a piece of coal and a spank with the broom. I have never known a child who hadn't been good—well, pretty good.

That night the shoes the children have been polishing all day are put on the window sill with a pair of socks and the next morning the shoes and socks are filled with candies, apples and nuts.

Christmas itself is reserved for reverence and the warmth of family love. The twenty-fourth of December is a fasting day for both Protestants and Catholics. I know about this because we have both religions in our family: my husband and son are Catholic and my daughter and I are Protestant. Naturally, the family goes as a group to both churches.

During the day of the twenty-fourth most people are too excited to eat anyway. We eat only soup, made from butter and flour browned in a pan with water added, and bread. Some people only drink tea. In the afternoon we go to church. As it grows dusk the children press their faces against the window and watch for the first star. Just as they see it, a silver bell rings somewhere in the house and the doors are opened to a room that has been closed all day. Inside there are no lights

but the candles on the Christmas tree. Under the tree is the manger with the image of the baby Jesus in it, wrapped in the family's best lace. The family kneels around the tree and the youngest child, the one closest in age to the Babe, begins to pray. After that the family sings Christmas hymns. The room smells of burning candles and pine; I believed for years that Jesus brought the tree, in remembrance of His birthday. There is a feeling of holiness around it.

Afterward there is the family supper. A Catholic family has soup and then carp, which is known in Czechoslovakia as the Christmas fish, and buttered potatoes. The dessert, called *lokse*, has been blessed in the church. It is made of long loaves, dried and cut in pieces which are then soaked in milk and honey. A paste of poppy seeds and syrup is made and the bread is pressed into the paste. When it is served it is thin and crisp and covered with honey.

The Protestants have a soup made of the water from sauerkraut, mixed with browned butter and flour. Dried mushrooms and pieces of meat are added and sour cream is put on top. It's called *kapustnica* and we make thirty or forty portions at a time. It's served

Next month start

**IT'S FUN RAISING
A FAMILY!**

by Kate Aitken

several times during the Christmas week and by New Year's it is at its best.

After the soup and carp, some families have the Christmas turkey. Western-minded Czechoslovaks were beginning to prefer turkey to the usual chicken before I left.

Christmas morning everyone sleeps in and breakfast is late. Each family has prepared special Christmas pastries, filled with poppy seeds and nuts. Around noon everyone begins to visit friends and relatives and a home-made drink called *briata* is served. It's made from pure alcohol, with burnt sugar, caramel and spices, and is light and aromatic.

Our second Christmas in Canada, when my husband was with us, I set out to duplicate the food we associate with Christmas. I bought five tins of sauerkraut to get enough water for the soup and I had a difficult time finding a carp. I found I couldn't make *lokse* at all, so I bought French bread and toasted pieces of it and no one complained. This year I think I will have to make a change in the menu. I'll buy salmon or halibut for the Christmas fish. My family says that they don't think carp is a delicacy at all any more.

At four o'clock on Christmas Eve we took my husband to Union Station. We have done this every Christmas Eve since and I think many new Canadians do the same. We see dozens of pale faces with their eyes turned to the sky and we know that, like us, they are praying.

We went back to the apartment and I rang the little bell, though it was not silver, and we stood around the tree and looked at the manger. We had replaced the candles with Canadian electric lights,

which are much safer, but otherwise it was the same. That year the children sang carols in English, while we listened with pride. Afterward we had some gifts for Nadine and a coat-and-leggings set for Peter. I had been paying for that outfit for months, sometimes only a quarter a week. My husband paid off the difference and put the outfit under the tree as a present from me. Peter looked like a young prince in it.

The years between that Christmas and this have been good for us. My husband went from the job in the lumberyard to the building trade as a carpenter and then to the Robert Simpson Co. mail-order storage. He stayed at Simpson's a year and when he left they gave him a farewell party and presented him with an English leather wallet with a new penny inside it, for luck. Now he is a salesman with an aluminum screen and window company.

Sometimes people ask if we aren't bitter that we can't practice law in Canada without going through the four-year law course. We never think about it. We can't afford those years of study but we realize that they are necessary. English law is so different that a quick course would never be sufficient. In addition, the practice of law depends to a great extent on the spoken word and our English is not nearly as good as our children's.

For this reason we are uneasy when Nadine, who is now a seventeen-year-old honor student in high school, tells us she would like to be a lawyer. You can't travel when you are a lawyer. We would like her to be a doctor and our son an engineer so they could both go to the Yukon and be pioneers, helping to open up more of Canada.

I left my job as a salesgirl to become a social worker, helping new Canadians to get settled. I have appeared in court as a translator; I help them get jobs and answer letters; and I go with them to the Immigration Department.

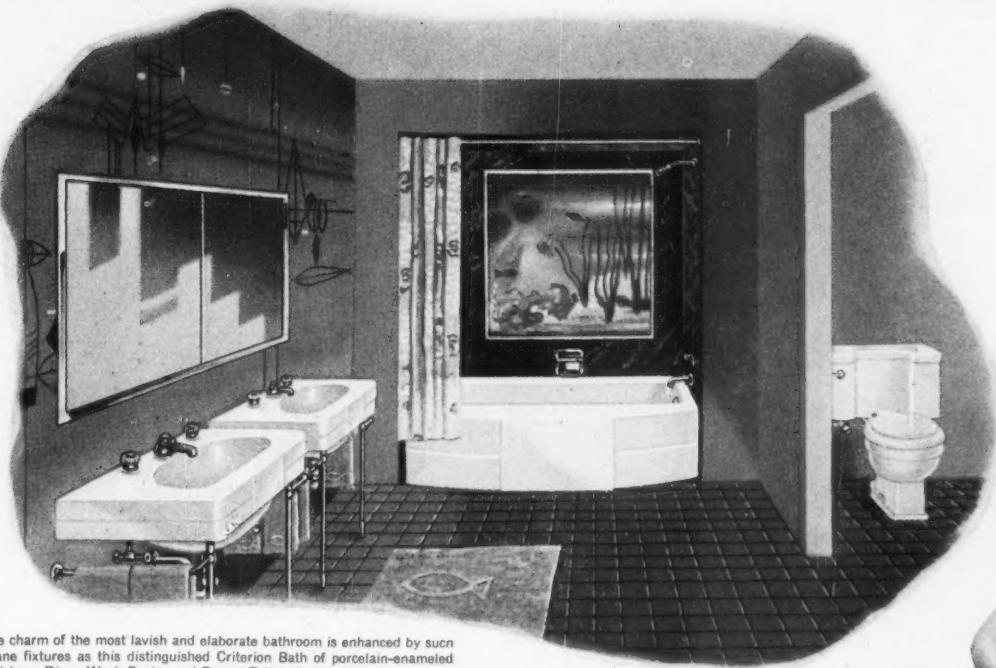
Sometimes, when I speak to groups like the IODE, I tell of the marvel of our first Christmas Eve in Union Station but I never mention the part of the Canadian Christmas that distresses me. It seems to us that Canadians have changed the emphasis of Christmas from the birthday of Jesus to Santa Claus. The poetry of that little Babe in the manger is so beautiful I can't understand this. Children here realize perfectly the meaning of Easter but seem unaware of the meaning of Christmas.

We think that a child can best begin to learn about religion by appreciating that Jesus too was a child like themselves. It is a consolation for poor children to know that the Highest Spirit was also poor. I didn't know that most of my life, but I know it now.

Everywhere you look in Canada at this time of the year you see Santa Claus. I was horrified last year when Peter got Santa Claus and Jesus mixed. We were just coming off a department-store escalator as the Santa Claus passed by and kindly rubbed Peter's head.

"I'm blessed!" Peter cried in ecstasy. "I'll never wash my hair again. He blessed me!"

He had transferred his holy admiration for Jesus to this nice ho-ho-ho man and we had to fight to bring the manger into focus again. I can't see how Santa Claus can help you with your troubles when you grow up. ♦

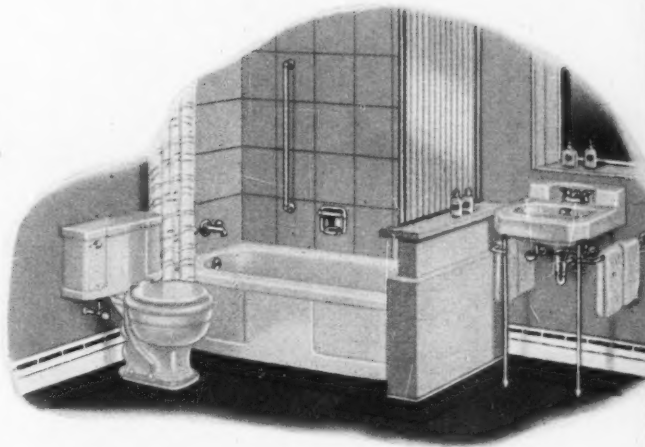


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